McKean County Miner.

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JAMES HYATT BADLY BURNED LAST FRIDAY.

His Face, Head and Hands Were Severely Scorched.

CAUSED BY A GAS EXPLOSION.

The Aged Man Was Lighting a Fire Under a Boiler on the County Farm Lease — Although 70 Years Old, He Walked to Town for Medical Attendance

James Hyatt, aged nearly 70 years met with a very painful accident last Friday morning while at work on the Surprise Oil company's lease on the County Farm and it is very fortunate that it did not terminate fatally for the old gentleman. As it was his hands, face and head were badly burned by an explosion of gas which occured while he was in the act of lighting a fire in a boiler.

Mr Hyatt who operates the power which pumps the Surprise Co's wells at the County Farm started up the machinery at the power plant early that morning and went to the well for the purpose of making preparations for pumping that. This well which was recently drilled in and connected with the power house jointly by the Surprise and Bradford companies, had not been pumped for some time and it was necessary to get up a good head of steam before the pumping could be started. Mr Hyatt was not more than gone a few minutes when an explosion occurred which completely wrecked the boiler house and knocked Mr Hyatt to the ground. He was rendered unconscious and although in this helpless condition the flames were fanned by the strong wind and he was terribly burned about the face, head and hands before help arrived.

Mr Hyatt upon regaining consciousness started for the house to get help. In doing so he passed through a cloud of steam and hot water which caused the injuries mentioned above. He then walked a good mile and a half to town unassisted and went to Dr. Berg Child which is other. The Doctor dressed his burns which were of a most severe nature and made him as comfortable as possible. Mr Hyatt has been able to be out since the accident and the burns have already healed to such an extent as to permit the removal of the bandages. Mr Hyatt's many friends will unite in congratulating him on his lucky escape from more serious injury. He probably did not receive the full force of the explosion.

Beckwith Family Reunion

The fourth annual reunion of the Beckwith family was held at Rew's Forest Park last Friday. Fully one hundred members of this family were in attendance.

The morning was taken up in the various amusements and at this time a short business meeting was held at which officers for the ensuing year were elected. At two o'clock the business meeting was held and after the election of officers and other business had been transacted several interesting and amusing recitations were given by various members of the family and letters from old members who were unable to attend were read. These proved to be unusually interesting to the younger members especially as they recited history and adventures of a time long past. The balance of the afternoon was given over to visiting and when it came time to take trains for home it left them they had spent a day that would always be remembered.

Automobile for Fair.

The managers of the McKean County Fair Association have purchased a new automobile to be used in advertising the event and on the last day the machine will be given to some lucky purchaser by a person ticket.

Summer Millinery

All that is newest and becoming in satisfactory millinery. Miss Mellor has the very latest ideas and is carrying out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

Mrs. CARRIE CLARK.

Wanted

A girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs R C Gleason.

WENT TO BRADFORD.

Smethport Fire Department and I. O. O. F. Band Will Participate in the Parade To-Day.

The Smethport Fire Department and the Odd Fellows Band were out in uniform last evening drilling. The Department accompanied by the band, went to Bradford this morning to participate in the Firemen's Day parade in that city to-day. This will be a kind of a reunion of the old Northwestern Firemen's Association and many fire companies of that now disbanded association will be in attendance. Judging from the appearance made by the Department and band last evening and this morning when they left for the train Smethport will maintain its usual place at the head of the list in neat appearance and discipline of the companys participating in to-days parade. A large number of people from this place accompanied the organizations, who left on the 1:30 train on the Kushequa. They will return by a special train which will leave Bradford at 12 11 p m.

WORK PROGRESSING FAST.

Smethport Glass Factory Will Soon be in Operation Again.

The work of making the repairs at the Smethport Window Glass plant is progressing nicely. The work of altering and putting the tank has been finished and it is said that the fires will probably be started in it next week. The work of putting the six new pots in place is also being rushed and it is said that the plant will be in operation by the first of next month. The new pots will be larger than the old ones and it is expected that the output will be increased. The plant when in operation will employ about 150 men.

Bradford Old Home Week.

Emmett Gridley, Wm Keenan, Jim Lloyd, Dr. Ostrander, Dr. Hamilton and many other Smethport people are in Bradford this week attending the Old Home Week celebration. Judging from the reports received here the week is proving a most successful one and the attendance is large. Many Smethport people have relatives in Bradford and the week is proving a most enjoyable one for them.

Mr Young who has the distinction of being the inventor of the first machine to successfully manufacture window glass by machinery, is in Bradford this week. Mr Young who has been a resident of Smethport for many years, is now living in Bradford and is employed by the Bradford Window Glass Co. He is a brother of Mrs. Dr. Ostrander.

The start in the making of window glass by machinery was made in the year 1903 at the Smethport plant. The machine was not entirely successful at first, but after many improvements had been made it proved a success. The machine is now in use in many of the factories of the country.

Mr Young is a native of Smethport and has many friends here who will be pleased to learn of his success.

The machine was knocked out by the first day's run, but although it did not lose consciousness and although it must have pained him, he went and made his way to an oil tank nearby where he bathed his burns. He then walked a good mile and a half to town unassisted and went to Dr. Berg Child which is other. The Doctor dressed his burns which were of a most severe nature and made him as comfortable as possible. Mr Hyatt has been able to be out since the accident and the burns have already healed to such an extent as to permit the removal of the bandages. Mr Hyatt's many friends will unite in congratulating him on his lucky escape from more serious injury. He probably did not receive the full force of the explosion.

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MRS. W. STILSON BROKE HER ARM SUNDAY.

She Fell Down the Bleachers at the Fair Grounds.

TRIED TO SAVE HER LITTLE GIRL

From Falling and Fell Herself, Badly Fracturing Her Left Arm Above the Elbow—Is Doing Nicely.

Mrs William Stilson of East Smethport met with a very bad accident at the fair grounds last Sunday afternoon as a result of which she sustained a badly fractured arm. Mrs Stilson was one of a large crowd of people who had gathered at the fair grounds to spend the afternoon Sunday.

She and her little daughter had been seated in the grand stand watching the game of ball that was in progress between East Smethport and Crosby. At the conclusion of the ball game about 4 p m Mrs Stilson left her seat to join her husband who was one of the East Smethport players and to do this she and her child started to leave by the entrances and down the bleachers in front of the grand stand. As she started to descend the bleachers to the ground the little girl stumbled and fell. Mrs Stilson tried to catch the child and in the attempt lost her balance and fell with the little girl down a part of the full length of the bleachers and landed heavily on the ground. In the fall she struck on her left arm breaking the bone a short distance above the wrist. Besides sustaining bad bruises when assisted to her feet the hand was found to hang almost onto the arm. The child was not injured in the fall. Mrs Stilson was assisted on her way home by her husband and walked considerable distance before a rig was finally secured to carry her. Dr Ostrander was summoned and visited her at her home and rendered necessary surgical attention. It was found that the bone was not only fractured but the ligaments were badly torn. The latter made the patient as comfortable as possible and she is now getting along very nicely considering the nature of her injuries. Mrs Stilson exhibited great nerve and very few people of the large crowd about knew that an accident had taken place.

In Memorium

Where as in accordance with the irrevocable mandate of natural law Sister Ann Cashen passed from the experiences of this life on the 21st day of July, 1909 to try the realities of eternity in the mansions not made with hands eternal in the skies.

Whereas God in his infinite wisdom has called our dear sister from a bed of illness and suffering and from her labors on earth to that Paradise above, eternal in the Heavens, therefore be it

Resolved that we as brothers and sisters of Corydon Grange No 1213, will cherish the memory of our dear sister whose life work is ended and has received that welcome plaudit - Well done thou good and faithful servant." She was ready for her Saviours call and we feel that our loss is her eternal gain.

Resolved that we extend to the bereaved son and other relatives and friends our heartfelt sympathy in their affliction that these resolutions be sent the family and be spread upon the minutes of our Grange and a copy be sent to the local papers for publication and that our charter be draped in mourning thirty days.

IDA L PLUMMER,
EMMA A BRAY
ADA L CORY

Chafin at Bradford.

Hon. Eugene W Chafin of Chicago, candidate for President of the United States last year on the Prohibition ticket and one of the most fascinating and logical speakers on the platform, will speak at the Exchange Lyceum, Bradford Wednesday evening Aug 18, at 8 p m.

Just as in the case of Bryan in 96, whose whirlwind oratory took the Convention by storm and secured for him the nomination for the Presidency so it was Chafin's masterly magnetic, true logic that swept the nominating convention in his favor in 1908.

Hand Painted China

Just received, to day a beautiful stock of the G G Rhodes fine Hand Painted China. The correct thing for wedding gifts. It is a pleasure to show this elegant display whether you wish to buy or not. MOLLIE E PIERCE.

VENERABLE SMETHPORT MAN.

H. S. Stickles Carried Mail in Bradford 60 Years Ago on Horseback.

The Era received a call last evening from a very interesting Smethport man, the venerable H S Stickles, who when a boy, 64 years ago, carried mail between the county seat and Tuna Valley. In those early times the Bradford postoffice was at Kendall afterwards Tarport, now the sixth ward. The valley was very thinly settled. John F Melvin was the postmaster and Mr Stickles remembers this noted pioneer (after whom the Bradford Grand Army Post is named) as an active figure in the community's affairs.

The carrying of mail then was by horseback, through forest pathways and to make the round trip from Smethport to the territory covered by the primitive rural mail route required a week. Mr Stickles had many adventures in those remote days which he still vividly recalls.

Land, where Bradford is now located, could then be bought for four dollars an acre. Mr Stickles could hardly believe it possible when he saw the crowds yesterday that this was the same locality so often visited by him in his boyhood days. He is a well preserved man and at 77 years of age is active, bright and interesting.—Tuesday's Era.

BOYS EXPENSIVE MACHINE.

Dr. F. C. Pierce Purchases a $1,000 Pop Corn Wagon.

Dr F C Pierce has purchased a large pop corn wagon which he will soon place in commission. The machine in its line is the most elaborate ever brought to Smethport and cost $1,000 being the best machine of its kind manufactured. The wagon is constructed of steel and plate glass and is mounted on rubber tired wheels and is intended to be drawn by horse power. It is fitted with a modern improved machine the interior is equipped with a complete popping and is handily arranged. The lower part of the wagon is painted a straw color and the upper part a brilliant red. Dr Pierce has secured a permit from the council to operate his machine on the streets of the town and has in mind to try the machine at various and numerous points of discussion from the towns of other size. The Dr intends to occasionally visit the fairs and celebrations in this vicinity with the machine. Conducted in connection with his extensive dental practice Dr Pierce will undoubtedly derive a great deal of pleasure as well as profit from his venture. Dr Pierce had his machine in operation on the street last evening and it attracted much attention and business.

Fit Sheepish

Tuesday afternoon some of the local sportsmen went up Barden brook after woodchucks. They had separated each looking for a shot when Carl Tuesup's attention was attracted by something in the brush at a short distance and immediately got into position to bag the game. He had substituted a sprig of grass for his front sight which had been lost during the expedition but he had no fears of not maintaining his reputation as a marksman, on that account. After a cool, deliberate aim Jess's trusty old rifle spoke, just as Daniel Boone's and Davy Crockett's used to do and, like the weapons of those noted hunters, brought down the game. Rejoicing at his marksmanship Jess called to the others of the party and they headed to the spot and found the game dead a fine shot—sheep one of the Pigeons best with the top of its head blown off. Well maybe the twirler of baseballs didn't feel sheepish? There, of course was but one way out of it and now that it has been settled all right Jess is studying the science of animals to learn the difference between a sheep and a groundhog. Bah!—Eldred Eagle.

Bbbb In His Bonnet.

Oh tradesman in thine hour of eeee,
If on this paper you should cccc
Take our advice and now be jjjjj
Go straight ahead and advert iiii
You'll find the project of some nnnn,
Neglect can offer no excqqqq,
Be wise at once prolong your daaaaa,
A silent business soon dekkkk.

—C B A LANCE, in Life.

Excursions to Riverhurst and Rock City Parks Sunday Aug 15th 1909.

The Western New York & Pennsylvania Traction Co offers an attraction at Rock City Park Sunday Aug 15th the celebrated Park Band of Rochester N Y. For this occasion the P S & N R R will run special excursion Train leaves Smethport 10 39 a m Round trip fair to Riverhurst $1 00 to Rock City $1 25. JOS I ODELL, G P A.

LYNN COON SEVERELY INJURED

While Driving a Colt Tuesday Afternoon.

ANIMAL TOOK FRIGHT AT AUTO

And Ran Away Resulting in Injuries to Both Coon and the Animal. Accident Happened in East Smethport.

Lynn Coon of East Smethport had an exciting experience while driving a colt Tuesday afternoon, an experience that was most lucky in its termination, and which as it is will take him some time to recover from.

Coon was riding in a two wheeled sulkey was driving along the street running through East Smethport and when in front of McAhon's store a short distance this side of the Pennsylvania railroad tracks he encountered an automobile and the horse became unmanageable and Coon lost control of the reins entirely. The horse ran away and Coon was precipitated forward between the shafts. He got caught in some manner and was dragged head downward between the terrified animal's hind hoofs a considerable distance before it was finally caught near the Pennsylvania freight house.

Coon was unconscious when rescued from the sulkey and was first thought to have been dead. He eventually regained consciousness and was able to make his way home but again collapsed upon his arrival. He suffered considerable pain and Tuesday night from the effects of his experience. Dr Hamilton visited him yesterday and found that no bones were broken although he was cut about the head and was badly shaken up and bruised. No serious results are anticipated although the man is quite severely injured. Coon can remember nothing of the accident.

The colt was also cut and on one of its hind legs was badly spraind. At last accounts the colt had the mend it was believed.

The animal that which Coon took fright was a small Runabout recently driven by Conductor Burdick which was being driven by Geo McGowan.

McKean County Grange Field Day.

Following is the program of the McKean County Grange Field Day to be held at Corydon August 20th.

Music Orchestra or Band
Invocation
Music Orchestra or Band
Address of Welcome
Response, Guy B Mayo
Song Quintet
Address State Master Hon Wm I Cressy
Solo Roy H A Reed
Address National Master Hon N J Bachelder
Song Quartet

Following is the list of prizes offered by the Grange National Bank for Field Day.

1 Suit case men Umbrella, Watch Fob
2 Potato race, ladies Silk Umbrella Cream and Sugar
3 Tug of War, Silk Flag
4 Hop Skip & Jump men Watch, Safety Razor
5 Peanut race Shaving Mug Hair Brush Bag
6 Fat Men's race Razor Razor Strop
7 Ladies race Water Set Berry Bowl

Each Grange allowed to enter 5 people in each event.

To the Patrons of the Smethprot Water Company

Owing to the fact that the streams of the watershed are now lower than ever before in the history of the company you are asked to be careful in the use of water and to report to the office of the company any leaks you may discover in the company's lines.

While there are two wells which if no break down occurs in the pumps are able to put into the reservior about 80 000 gallons per day the supply will be insufficient for all purposes if there is waste to any considerable extent.

While we are anxious to furnish all water absolutely necessary for our consumers we must insist on those who have hose connections only using them to sprinkle their own premises and that street in front of their premises and not in front of any person who has not paying extra for hose connections.

All leaks in spigot and hose must be promptly stopped.

SHERIDAN GORTON
President

Do you want a new buckboard a farm wagon a one horse wagon a second hand buggy. Come and see us.
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

CELEBRATED 94TH BIRTHDAY

One of Kane's Highly Respected Citizens Has Reached This Age.

Yesterday Mr Sequo Young one of the oldest and a very highly respected colored citizen celebrated his 94th birthday.

Mr Young was born in slavery and came to Kane as a personal servant of Gen Kane, when the town was first settled. He was in charge during the winter months of the old Thomson House when it was first erected and when it was only opened in the summer months.

Although Mr Young is badly crippled from rheumatism, and it is with difficulty that he can get around yet his mental faculties are exceptionally good and he retains his memory to a marked degree. His tales of the hardships he passed through during the time he was a slave are very interesting.

There are but few who are permitted to pass the 91th milestone of their existence but from present indications Mr. Young will live to be one hundred.—Kane Republican of last Thursday.

Mr Young is well known in Smethport where he has often visited his son T J Young the well known local restaurant man and base ball player, who is one of a family of six children. Mr Young has succeeded in accumulating a small little fortune during his long residence in Kane.

The wife of this aged man is still living, and although 80 years of age is still able to do housework well. At the time Gen Grant visited this country during the Presidency of United States, the aged couple had the honor of entertaining that famous man to dinner on occasion which he will remember. Not much is heard of Mrs Young as she does not go abroad much being engaged in the duties of her household, but she is very much alive, and from present indications she will be so for many years to come. Mr and Mrs. Young celebrated their golden anniversary several years ago and are probably the most interesting couple in this country. It would be a just duty to pay especial tribute to remarkable ages of their long lives.

ATTENTION VETERANS

A Matter that Can Not Fail to Be of Interest to Pennsylvania Veterans.

The State of Pennsylvania now erecting on the battlefield of Gettysburg a magnificent memorial to the soldiers of the state who fought there for the preservation of the Union July 1 2 and 3 1863. The Commission having in charge the erection of this memorial has resolved to have around the base, bronze tablets containing the names of every soldier of Pennsylvania organization either who fought in the battle.

It is desirous that these names shall be correctly spelled and that the name of no man who was engaged in the battle be omitted. The members of the Commission desire that the surviving soldiers of each regiment engaged at Gettysburg will assist them in revising the list correcting the spelling of names etc and they therefore wish to find the whereabouts of all regimental organizations or where there are no regimental organizations they wish to obtain the names of surviving officers or soldiers who will take sufficient interest in the matter to meet the rolls in Gettysburg Pa long enough to enroll Capt S Clin A Mulhorland U S Pension Agent at Philadelphia has information that will enable him to correspond with survivors as secretary or surviving members who will take charge of the matter.

Post Commander will as far as practicable wait but waiting for the regular meeting of the Post answer this circular as the time is valuable.

Information of the following organizations is particularly desired.

Infantry 5th 34th 9th Res, 18th, 9th Res 40th 11th Res, 41st 12th Res, 11th 44th 46th 73rd 74th 75th 81st 84th, 93d 96th, 105th 106th 111th, 11th Pilot 1st 141st 142nd 147th, 149th 151st 158th, 15th Cavalry 3rd, 4th, 16th, 17th, 18th Artillery, Coopers Battery B.

Laundry Work

Having taken the Agency of the City Steam Laundry of Bradford Pa, we therefore will be pleased to have your patronage and promise you good service. Work guaranteed as the laundry is noted for being the best work in this section of the country. Have your work ready when called for.

Yours very truly,
A I MORRISON,
PAUL NYE.
Smethport Pa Phone No 120. 30 tf

Have your Lawn Mower put in shape, better than new. Holmes & Gilfillan.

BARBARA'S DONATION

The Best of All That Was Offered to the Minister.

By ELIZABETH VAN NEST.

[Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.]

If the young minister had been of a sanguine, easily satisfied temperament he might have accommodated himself to circumstances and drifted along as his predecessors had done. But James Morgan brought the enterprise of a modern theologian to the little hamlet, straggling down either side of a high hill, on a summit of which perched the church, like a snow temple.

As the church occupied the center of the village, the young minister reasoned that it ought to be the center of interest also. But, try as he would, he could not awaken the devotional spirit. His parishioners were niggardly in their offerings, the attendance was small and interest slight. His sermons were lost on the slow thinking worshipers; his musical departures were a failure.

But the Rev. Mr. Morgan did not despair. He had the square jaw that accompanies the aggressive nature. The elasticity of his hopes was phenomenal. He simply would not be discouraged. He had accepted the call in full knowledge of the drawbacks. The score of shabby houses classed under the name of Maywood represented only a tithe of the church membership. It was the prosperous farmers whose indifference he must change and conquer with his eloquence.

So James Morgan brought to Maywood a large stock of the castle material with which he beautified his leisure. He would institute many reforms. The church should escape from its envelop ing mortgage and, assuming a paying basis, make many additions from its vicinity. It should be the main spring, social and ecclesiastical, on which the village turned. Deaconess proposed that the [illegible] and the pieces [illegible] with mantle [illegible] minister took [illegible] Mendelssohn [illegible]

[illegible] quarter [illegible] Parsons [illegible] forgot to be [illegible] at his [illegible] Holy Innocents, he at length [illegible] ignist he [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] But at the end of the second quarter the first quarter's salary was still unpaid. With a board bill two weeks in delinquency the minister, blushing and stammering, informed his parishioners of their negligence.

While their profuse excuses satisfied him, he could not see his way clear to satisfy Mrs. Fleming. The fact that wheat was a failure would not recompense her for his board and lodging. Therefore the Rev. Mr. Morgan did the only thing possible from his point of view. He went to the city next day with a mysterious package. Shortly after the doctor drove three miles to borrow his microscope and was informed that he had disposed of it.

"I have so little time for experiments, you know," he explained with heightened color, "I could use the money to better advantage."

From this emanated a rumor that at length reached Barbara Dean's ears. The new minister was so philanthropic he had given up his pet hobby to aid the poor.

A new and [illegible] thrill [illegible] her heart. Perhaps she had been hasty. There was none quite like him—so big, so firm, so brave. It was very singular that he had not asked again he who in theory scorned defeat. Pretty Barbara did not know that the [illegible] crushed by her laughing was the only incastic one in his stock of dreams.

As the third quarter drew to a close without remuneration, the minister mentioned the fact again, this time with lower lashes and a graver air. His needs were urgent. Day after day he scanned his mail anxiously for the expected check, only to be disappointed. But, appreciating the hard times, other trips to the city with mysterious packages were made.

Returning from one of these visits one night, Mr. Morgan was surprised to see a motley collection of teams and vehicles around Widow Fleming's gate. Lights shone from every window of the cottage, including his study and bedroom. The minister was tired and in no mood to participate in a surprise party on his landlady. But, knowing her limited space, it would be churlish to demand privacy. He must meet her guests, who had overflowed her apartments into his, with ministerial welcome. Forcing the weariness from his face, he ran lightly up the steps and opened his study door.

Ranged around the wall was a solid row of chairs, from which smiling faces glowed upon him in welcome. Overrunning the center table and piled on the floor was a collection that at first seemed to be the stock of a grocery store. Hemmed out a sack of flour and various stone jugs with corncob stoppers as he picked his way to a small oasis of bare floor beyond. But, stumbling against one of the inviting packages, the paper burst and a stream of walnuts poured forth.

"Pardon me!" he gasped, trying to repair the damage on his knees. "Very awkward of me, I'm sure."

The silence was portentous, and, flushed with confusion, the minister looked up straight into Barbara Dean's eyes. The light in them, tantalizing, amused, was his undoing. The walnuts slipped from his grasp and, striking another bag, liberated a peck of popcorn. He stood up guiltily.

"Please forgive me, Mrs. Fleming," he apologized, "I am sorry if my awkwardness has disclosed your gifts too soon."

"They're not Mis' Fleming's," corrected Deacon Brown. "They're yours. We thought we'd give you a donation 'stead of money, times are so hard."

The Rev. Mr. Morgan unconsciously backed a step. "For me? But, deacon, I have no use for these—er—raw commodities. It is very kind of you—but—but"—

"Besides this, there's a side of meat and a firkin of butter outside," put in Mrs. Fleming proudly. "Now that you've seen them I'll better take the molasses out too. It's so warm in here," picking up two of the jugs.

"By all means," said the minister, wiping his forehead, and in the general conversation that ensued he found himself near Barbara Dean.

"I did not expect to see you," he said in a low voice.

"I am spending a few days with Cousin Bess," she answered. "Are you so devoted to Maywood that you have forgotten your old friends?"

"Only those who wished to forget me," significantly; then, with a despairing glance at the loaded table: "What shall I do with it?" he asked. "A family of ten could not consume that perishable stuff before it spoils. Why did they bring so much?"

"The unwritten law of a donation party is that none may attend without bringing a present," she said composedly.

"Then what special donation must I thank you for," ironically—"the sack of flour?"

She laughed. His dismay was so comical. She did not know the desperate state of his finances. "I did not bring anything," she said. "I could not—to you."

Something in her voice lent sudden flexibility to his most inelastic hope. With her love to cheer him on he would yet make of Maywood his ideal church.

"Come with me a moment," he said, leading her to the deserted window nearest the church. "I had bright dreams when I came here, Barbara," he went on, "I have learned to love the church and the people. If I go away now my work will be wasted. But I think I shall go when my year is up."

"Where?" she asked quickly.

"Anywhere—to any church that pays a salary," desperately. "That collection represents my work for nine months. It is not enough, Barbara. You said that no one may attend a donation party without a present. I am waiting for yours. If you want me to stay here you must do your part. The deacons and elders have looked after the needs of the material man. You must provide for his spiritual nature."

She played with the widow's best curtains nervously. "You said you would not ask me again," she reminded.

"I have not. You did well to say no," bitterly. "If my work is worth only butter and flour you are justified in forgetting me as quickly as possible. Maywood can keep its donation. I shall leave at once."

A change flashed across her pretty face. The mischief vanished, and in its place stole a tender blush. "Don't be hasty, James," she whispered, with a furtive glance over her shoulder. "Perhaps with my donation we can use the rest. When will the parsonage be empty?"

"I'll give the tenant notice tomorrow," he answered happily. Then, under cover of the widow's voluminous curtains, with the church looking on in solemn witness, he accepted her donation with a kiss.

Using a Life Preserver.

"The worst trouble about a life preserver," said an old sailor, "is that few people know what to do with one when it's thrown to them. Many a man would drown in trying to get a life preserver over his head. The average person struggling about in the water would try to lift up the big life ring and put it over his head. That only causes the man to sink deeper and take more water into his lungs.

"The proper way to approach a life preserver in the water is to take hold of the side nearest you and press upon it with all your weight. That causes the farther side to fly up in the air and down over your head, 'ringing' you as neatly as a man ringing a cane at a country fair. After that the drowning man can be rescued."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some Sayings of Napoleon.

You know my army. It is an ulcer that would eat me up if I stopped giving it other food.

You have made great use of algebra in all your campaigns. I seem to recollect that you had strength in it and that you could understand how minus multiplied by minus gives plus. I have applied this rule fairly well—Germany minus, Austria minus, Prussia minus, Italy minus [illegible] you must allow that I make a fine plus.

[illegible] look [illegible] you and me that [illegible] velocity gives force [illegible] I [illegible] less mass) shall not fall in velocity, and all will be over before the sunset. The days are long in Russia when the sun shines. I shall fight two or three battles if he will stop to meet me.—Baron de Comeau's Memorials.

A Strange Case.

Beacon—Fusser doesn't anticipate his vacation.

Hill—No; says he can't enjoy the thoughts of some one else doing his work.—Boston Globe.

PEOPLE OF THE DAY

Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Robert Gordon Valentine, the new commissioner of Indian affairs, got his first training in the bureau he now heads as private secretary to former Commissioner Leupp. During his four years' connection with the bureau he has made an exhaustive study of the Indian problem. A great part of his time has been spent in travel, visiting the various tribes that make up the 300,000 Indian population of Uncle Sam's dominions. To do this he had to visit twenty-six states in which the Indians are scattered, and a great part

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ROBERT G. VALENTINE.

of his travels were made in the saddle. It is Mr. Valentine's intention to keep up this policy, so far as his new duties will permit, with a view to developing the red man along social and economic lines. "We will try to make the Indian help himself," he says.

The new Indian commissioner is a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of Harvard and is thirty-six years old. Before going to Washington as a newspaper man he was successively an instructor in the Hotch Institute of Technology, a bank clerk in New York and a railroad statistician in the west.

Hedin's Experience in Tibet.

Sven Hedin, the celebrated Swedish explorer, who has just returned from a journey through the unknown parts of Tibet, has had many narrow escapes from death in the course of his adventurous career. He was once rescued by an auxiliary expedition when he had been lost for several weeks on the "roof of the world." The doctor in the party describes his appearance at the time he was found. "His tongue was white, dry and swollen, his lips bluish, his cheeks sunken, his eyes dull and glassy."

Speaking of that experience, Dr. Hedin tells that he found a small pool of water after going three days without a drink. In ten minutes he had absorbed five pints of the fluid.

End of a Gould Romance.

Mrs. Howard Gould, who has just secured a decree of separation from her husband, will in the future be compelled to struggle along on a paltry $30,000 a year. That was the amount of alimony allowed her by Judge Dowling of the New York supreme court. During the trial of the case it was shown that Howard Gould, who is the third son of the late Jay Gould, was in receipt of an income of about $1,000,000 per annum. The court decided

MRS. HOWARD GOULD.

that Mrs. Gould could live comfortably on $3,000 a month, although she demanded about eight times that sum.

Before her marriage to Mr. Gould in 1898 Mrs. Gould, then Katherine Clemmons, had been on the stage a number of years. She had been successful in California and later for five years had scored in London under the patronage of "Buffalo Bill" Cody.

Since the wedding the Howard Goulds have been much in the public eye in one form or another. When they were abroad several years ago the kaiser and the czar were entertained on their yacht. But they never secured entry to the smart set of New York.

LUMBER
OF ALL KINDS
Lath and Shingles.
General Planing Mill Work.
H. C. BEMIS,
Bradford, Penna.

Mrs. May Chadwick, Artist,
Has opened a studio in the Backus Block, opposite Court House, and is prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging. Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter.
Give me a call.
Mrs. May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

WAVERLY
30 Years
Experience in the manufacture of Gasoline means much to the motorist. In the use of
Waverly Brands
76°—Motor—Stove—
you are guaranteed the greatest possible efficiency—instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion—freedom from carbon deposits on spark plugs or in cylinders—ready ignition. Your dealer will supply you.
Waverly Oil Works Co.
Independent Refiners
Pittsburg, Pa.
GASOLINE

Sarg's
MAIN ST.
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone [illegible]

EDGAR W. STRONG
When you think of
STOVES
think of
STRONG'S
I have the most complete line of Heating Stoves ever seen at one time in the town. All sizes and prices—a dozen kinds to select from. Prices are warranted to be right. Come early and get your pick.
EDGAR W. STRONG,
Smethport, Pa.

BUYING WISDOM.
The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.
Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.
Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without there—It's a long story.
AT THIS SEASON
when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition. If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.
NOW THIS STORE
is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.
"IKE" SIMONS
BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
52-54 Main Street,
BRADFORD, PA.

F. A. GREEN
The Leading Miller.
Dealer in
Flour, Feed, Grain, Grass Seeds, Hay, Etc.
Poultry Supplies of all Kinds
Agent for Blachford's Calf Meal. Prices right.
GIVE ME A CALL.
F. A. GREEN

INSURANCE!
"IT is better to have IT, and not need IT, than to need IT, and not have IT"
Insure your life in the Equitable,
Insure your property in
C. A. BURDICK'S
Insurance Agency.
Fire, Life, Accidental, Automobile, Boiler, Burglary INSURANCE, and Surety bonds, placed in Reliable Companies.
Call, Telephone or Write.
C. A. BURDICK,
Bell 'Phone 18-B Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.
Blankets and Robes.
The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the [illegible]
Just What You Want.
[illegible] Telescopes, Salt Gas [illegible] Bags, etc., at popular prices. Trunks—All the latest styles in staple and fancy, light and heavy harness.
Thos. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

WHY IS IT?
That each month in all the best homes in this country, on the library table, and in every club reading room, you find the
METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE
It is because it keeps you in touch with those great public and human movements on which the American family depends.
It is because its stories are the best published anywhere.
It is because its illustrations in color, and black and white, set the standard.
It is because its articles are the most vital and interesting.
It is because there is something in each copy for every member of every American family.
A YEAR'S FEAST
1800 Beautiful Illustrations. 1560 Pages of Reading Matter
85 Complete Stories. 75 Good Poems.
50 Timely and Important Articles.
1000 Paragraphs presenting the big news of the "World at Large."
120 Humorous Contributions.
Wonderful Color Work, presented in frontispieces, inserts and covers.
All Yours for One Year's Subscription to
THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE
Price $1.50 per Year or 15 Cents [illegible]

The Publisher of the McKEAN COUNTY MINER has make a special arrangement with THE METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE by which they are enabled to offer the following extraordinary bargain:
The cost of one year's subscription to THE METROPOLITAN is $1.50. The cost of one year's subscription to the MINER is $1.25. We offer both for $1.65.
Address all communications to
McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

A Clean Man

Outside cleanliness is less than half the battle. A man may scrub himself a dozen times a day, and still be unclean. Good health means cleanliness not only outside, but inside. It means a clean stomach, clean bowels, clean blood, a clean liver, and new, clean, healthy tissues. The man who is clean in this way will look it and act it. He will work with energy and think clean, clear, healthy thoughts.

He will never be troubled with liver, lung, stomach or blood disorders. Dyspepsia and indigestion originate in unclean stomachs. Blood diseases are found where there is unclean blood. Consumption and bronchitis mean unclean lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

prevents these diseases. It makes a man's insides clean and healthy. It cleans the digestive organs, makes pure, clean blood, and clean, healthy flesh.

It restores tone to the nervous system, and cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. It contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs.

Constipation is the most unclean uncleanliness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. They never gripe. Easy to take as candy.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER

$1.00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.

Binder Twine Fruit Cans

Jelley Glasses Preserving Kettles

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, August 12, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Forest fires are again raging at several points in Clinton and adjacent counties and on account of the drought much damage is reported.

—According to the Adrian Times, the best prohibition story of the season comes from Kansas, where it is said, a local candidate stores a lot of printed prohibition literature in his barn, but accidentally left the door open and a herd of milch cows came in and ate all the pamphlets. As a result every cow in the herd went dry.

—A man by the name of Cobbing died while eating his supper at the Armstrong house, Johnsonburg, Thursday evening. He was apparently in his usual health when he sat down to the table but he suddenly fell fell from his chair and expired before a physician could be called. He was aged 57 years. Heart failure was the cause of his sudden death.

—Mrs Williams received a letter from Mr. Williams today, written by himself. He says that yesterday, the date of the letter, he was feeling much better than any day since he had been there, and that Dr. Guth says that if such favorable conditions continue he will soon be able to go out doors. This report is very favorable and the Reporter extends congratulations to the family.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Jacob McCall, a 9-year-old child of Henry McCall, of Pittsburg, was fatally shot last Thursday, and died in the arms of his larger sister while she was carrying him to a doctor's office a mile away. Men on a hill adjoining saw a man come out of a wood nearby and take aim at the child and shoot him down, then return to the wood. Mr. McCall had quarreled with one of his neighbors and that neighbor is reported missing.

—Miles Allen has work well along on his insurance office in East Smethport.

—Another property went up in smoke at Roulette this morning at three o'clock, the milliner store and home of Mrs. Nefcy. Those who answered the alarm were in time to save a few household goods but most of the contents of the two-story house were consumed along with the building itself. The boys tried to do something with a small force pump, but to no avail. The water works were on the dry as usual and were practically useless.

—The report that the body of Chas. Neible, who shot and instantly killed his wife at the home of her parents in New Jersy recently had been found floating on the Delaware river, seems to have been unfounded. There was a body found, but Neible's brother was unable to identify it. The rumor that Neible is in this section and is in hiding until he can get a shot at a couple of men, is gaining credence every day. If this be true, there should be a strict watch kept, and the first man who is postive that he has seen him should lose no time in notifying the proper officials. —Kane Republican.

—A horse owned by county auditor, A. R. Cory of Pierce brook died in this borough Sunday morning. Mr. Cory had drove to town Saturday morning on a business mission and had put up his horse at Palmer's livery stable, and at that time the horse showed no sign of being sick. About eleven o'clock it became violently ill at the barn. Dr. Gallup was summoned and the animal was taken to the vacant lot across the street from the barn next to Mr. Palmer's residence. Every effort was made to save the horse but in spite of this the animal died Sunday morning. The horse was an old one but had been in Mr. Cory's possession for a long time and as a consequence was valued highly. Its death is thought to have been caused by a strain.

The Term "Copper."

While many police officials believe that the term "copper" as applied to policemen had its origin in the use of the copper badges that were formerly worn, an authority states that the word may be traced back to the Normans in the twelfth century and that it is a corruption of "cutch." The Normans not only applied it to the catchers of criminals, but to the implements used in catching or holding them. There were "hand cops" or handcuffs, in the twelfth century, and the Anglo-Saxons used foot cops. In the "Vocabulum, or the Rogues' Lexicon," written by George W. Matsel in 1859, copped is thus defined: "Copped—Arrested. The knack was copped to fights, a skin full of honey was found in his kicks poke by the copper, when he plucked him. The pickpocket was arrested, and when searched by the officer a purse full of money was found in his pants pocket." This is the derivation of copper. There is an implied compliment in the soubriquet.—London Saturday Review.

Blood Travels Fast.

The speed at which the blood circulates in the veins and arteries of a healthy man is something surprising. All day long, year in and year out, the round trips continue from the heart to the extremities and back again. The red blood corpuscles travel like boats in a stream, going to this or that station for such service as they have to perform, and the white corpuscles, the phagocytes, dart hither and thither like patrol boats, ready to arrest any contraband cargo of disease germs. The mileage of the blood circulation reveals some astounding facts in our personal history. Thus it has been calculated that, assuming the heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of 207 yards in the minute, or seven miles per hour, 168 miles per day and 6,320 miles per year. If a man of eighty-four years of age could have one single blood corpuscle floating in his blood all his life it would have traveled in that same time 5,150,808 miles.—Exchange.

Afghan Frontier Tribes.

There is an interesting little story in Dr. T. L. Pennell's book "Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier" which illustrates the attitude of the frontier tribes to their great neighbors. A political officer was talking with the headmen of some independent tribes, and he asked them what part their people would take in the event of war between Russia and England.

"Do you wish us to tell you what would please you or to tell you the real truth?" was their naive reply.

"I adjure you only to tell me what is the 'white word'" (meaning the true statement).

"Then," said an old graybeard among them, voicing the feelings of all present, "we would just sit here upon our mountain tops watching you both fight until we saw one or the other of you utterly defeated; then we would come down and loot the vanquished till the last mule. God is great! What a time that would be for us!"

One Comfort.

Dick was a very clean little boy, and dirt disgusted him. One day he found a poor little starved kitten crouching in a ditch at the roadside, and he carried the wet, muddy little waif home with him. He took it to the hydrant and carefully rinsed off all the mud, but the shock was too great for the sick kitty, and the breath of life departed. Dick went with her to his mother, who exclaimed at the sight of the wet, dripping kitten, "Why, Dick, what have you done?"

"She was all muk and I washed her," Dick replied.

"Oh, Dick," his mother said sorrowfully, "I'm afraid she's dead."

Dick looked shocked and grieved for a moment; then his face lighted up with a gleam of comfort as he exclaimed: "Well, she died clean, anyway."—Delineator.

The Tiger's Skin.

Whether its color helps the tiger in its furtive life or not, it is a royal livery that it wears. The "spoil of lions," but for their manes, have not much majesty. A cowhide may be handsomer. But a throne can ask no more sumptuous trappings than a tiger's skin, and if a jury were to be impaneled to select the noblest looking animal now in the zoological gardens the verdict would almost infallibly be unanimous in favor of the Siberian tiger. It is difficult to imagine anything more beautiful, more full of dignity and of the simple grace of strength than one of these gorgeous, deep furred brutes.—London Times.

More Cautious Now.

"Yes," said the popular actor, "I had to refuse the part. It was beyond my powers."

"That's strange," replied his friend. "There was a time when you would undertake any part."

"Ah, yes! That was when I was an amateur, and amateurs, you know, will attempt anything."—Exchange.

Expected Back.

Prisoner—Can I speak with the convict Jack for one moment? Jailer—No; he has just left, after finishing his time. But ask me again in about a week.—Fliegende Blatter.

Not Her Pose.

Yeast—Does your wife ever sit with her chin resting on her knees? Crimsonbeak—No; my wife seldom sits with her chin resting at all.—Yonkers Statesman.

Take heed of many, advice of few.—Danish Proverb.

Up to Date Canvassing.

As I opened the door I saw a man with a burglar's mask kneeling before the safe.

The next moment he had turned and shoved a revolver into my face.

"Throw up your hands!" he said.

I did so.

"You understand," he remarked pleasantly, "that I can, in the present circumstances, loot the premises at my pleasure!"

I confessed that he could.

"You realize that you are at my mercy?" he asked.

"I do," I replied.

"You acknowledge that I can blow out your brains if I like?" he persisted.

"Certainly," I admitted.

"Well, then," he said, "you will be interested to know that I got in without difficulty through your parlor window. Had it been equipped with Smith's patent safety burglar alarm and preventer this could not have happened. Installed complete with batteries for £5. Allow me to hand you a circular. Good night, sir."

Therewith, pocketing his revolver, he withdrew.—Pearson's Weekly.

It Worked Out Badly.

There is such a thing as carrying the discount business too far, as the smart advertising agent of a new publication discovered.

"As I understand," said the merchant, "your rate is $50 a page for a single insertion and you deduct 1 per cent from this rate for each additional insertion?"

"That is correct," replied the agent. "The total rate decreases by 1 per cent for each insertion contracted for after the first," he went on to explain, "If you agree to take it ten times there will be nine insertions after the first and you will get 9 per cent off the rate. In other words, you will only have to pay $45.50 each time."

"The idea commends itself to me," said the merchant thoughtfully, "and if you will stick to that plan I will be glad to make a contract with you to use a full page for 101 consecutive issues."

The agent was jubilant until he thought it over. Then he wasn't. This discount business can be carried too far.—Exchange.

How a Submarine Dives.

All submarine vessels are brought to a condition of readiness to submerge by taking in water ballast in suitably arranged and controlled tanks. This causes more of the boat to sink below the water's surface and finally leaves her with only a small part of her conning tower out of water. The remaining part above water represents what is called "reserve buoyancy." This buoyancy varies generally from 200 to 1,000 pounds, depending upon the size of the craft, and it is to overcome the permanent tendency to rise represented by this reserve that pressure is brought to bear upon the submerging rudders or the hydroplanes in order to make the boat sink after she is once put in motion. It is the height out of water or reserve of buoyancy of the submersible which gives her her superior sea keeping qualities, which permits the vessel to be driven safely on the surface at higher rates of speed and which contributes in other ways to the efficiency, the habitability and the military value of the craft.—Harper's Weekly.

Phony Mistake.

"The mistakes that occur through and to the telephone are numerous," said the lady who had one in her house, "and some of them are as amusing as the others are annoying. The last one I had happen to me was rather curious. My sister-in-law is named Drake, and I called her up at her house. The maid told me she had left word to call her up at a certain number, which I thought I had right. I called it and asked for Drake. They said there was no such person there. Then I wanted to know what place it was. The man at the other end said it was a poultry store, and he didn't laugh when he said it. It struck me as so funny that I laughed right out, and the man asked me what I was laughing at. He hadn't seen the point, and I rang off without enlightening him."—New York Herald.

The Owl in History.

The owl was in former times generally regarded as an omen of misfortune or death, but as the Egyptians represented Minerva under the form of an owl the Athenians, who were under the care of this goddess, looked upon the appearance of the owl as a favorable omen. It therefore formed upon the ancient coins referred to the symbol of Athens and her foreign possessions. The Chinese and the Tartars have also held the owl in high esteem. The first named used to wear owl's feathers in their caps, and some Tartar tribes still worship idols made like owls.

Borrowing Trouble.

Kenneth, who views the future from the eminence of seven summers, was looking very woebegone.

Asked why, he hesitated for a moment, then, bursting into tears, "I've been wondering," he said between sobs, "when mother's dead and nurse's dead—and my [illegible] will look after me when I'm [illegible]."

The Ruling Passion.

Goldsmith [illegible] lady who [illegible] cards with the [illegible] time and after [illegible] had just proposed to [illegible] funeral expenses [illegible]

His Only Chance.

The young man sends his bride to the altar, but that's as far as he goes in the leading business.—Meddler.

Westbrook Commercial Academy

OLEAN, N. Y.

Established in 1882. TWENTY-EIGHTH year will open Sept. 6 and 7. If judged by its facilities and its success you will surely be interested. The attendance is limited and the instruction is individual in every department. Call or write for tuition rates and particulars. 3,000 successful graduates for reference.

Solicitors and Drummers not required.

...BUY...

Lowney's Confectionery

—AT—

McCoy's Drug Store

THORNTON & CHESTER

Searchlight, Acme, White Lilly,

Pie and Cake Flour.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

Confectionery

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family reciepes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

SMETHPORT, - PENNA.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's Fine TOBACCO FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single inches.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday Aug. 12, 1909.

THE following nominations were made at Harrisburg on Aug. 4, by the Democratic State Convention. For auditor general, J. Wood Clark, of Indiana county. For State treasurer, George W. Knapp, of Bradford county. For justice of the supreme court, C. Larue Munson, of Lycoming county.

COL. ALBERT A. POPE, founders of the bicycle industry, died this afternoon at his summer home in Cohasset, where he has been living since last May. The Colonel, worn by the financial difficulties of his corporation and by his efforts to extricate the company, collapsed both mentally and physically and his recovery has at no time since then been expected.

THE work of State Fish Commissioner Meehan in attempting to stop the pollution of streams in this section of the state is very active at present and he should have the support of the best people throughout this Commonwealth. For years Mr. Meehan has been anxious to get this good work started but has been handicapped in various ways. But now that he has been given power to correct this terrible evil he is putting forth his best efforts to clean up our streams, and that he is meeting with some success will be seen by the following paragraph from the Port Allegany Reporter: "Tannery owners are making very effort to keep the tanning acid out of the streams, which has proven such a fish killer but find it pretty hard to solve the proposition. One of the methods proposed is the use of some one of the several patent powders now on the market. They purify the water so that the fish are not injured and at the same time pay their own cost by giving tannic acid back to the factory for use over again."

Ever since the first hungry mercenary was built under the auspices of this State the refuse, which is more or less poisonous to animal and vegetable life, has run unrestricted, with possibly a few exceptions into the brooks and rivers, killing fish and vegetation and rendering the water foul and unwholesome. There are a few laws prohibiting the unnecessary pollution of streams but those laws have been evaded by owners of tanneries, chemical factories, paper mills and mines, by making the claim that such refuse could not otherwise be disposed of at a cost which would not be prohibitive, and rumors to their business, thus getting behind that part of the Constitution which protects the industries of the State.

However, it has recently been demonstrated that most, if not all of this refuse can be disposed of at a reasonable cost without dumping it into the streams and now Mr. Meehan is taking up the work with the determination that our streams must be cleaned up as soon as possible, and we believe that within a few years the waterways of this State will be comparatively free from pollution.

One of the hardest things to contend with at the present time is the sewage from small cities and towns, which has heretofore been emptied into the streams. Sewage disposal plants are quite expensive and in many cases are a hardship to the smaller towns to install them. Mr. Meehan is doing his best and accomplishing good work.

Washington Letter.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The Payne tariff bills after twenty weeks of almost continuous debate, is finally on the statute books and the Dingley law is passed into history. Final action on the bill was taken by the Senate on Thursday afternoon, August 5, and within three hours the President affixed his signature and the first session of the sixty-first Congress adjourned sine die. The bill went into effect that night at midnight. After signing the President made a statement of his views, saying: "I have signed the Payne tariff bill because I believe it to be the result of a sincere effort on the part of the Republican party to make a downward revision and to comply with the promises of the platform as they have been generally understood and as I interpreted them in the campaign before election." President Taft frankly admits that he is not wholly satisfied with the measure, saying: "The bill is not a perfect embodiment of the promises made, strictly interpreted, but a fulfillment free from criticism in respect to its subject matter involving many schedules and thousands of articles could not be expected."

"There have been a great number of real decreases in rates, and they constitute a settlement amount to justify the statement that this bill is a substantial downward revision and a reduction of excessive rates."

To the many who put their faith in a tariff commission the President's words on that subject will prove an occasion of gratification for he says that that provision contained in the maximum and minimum section gives him "a wide latitude for the acquisition, under circumstances favorable to its truth, of information in respect to the price and cost of production of goods at home and abroad, which will throw much light on the operation of the present tariff and be of primary importance as officially collected data upon which future Executive action and Executive recommendations may be based."

The session of Congress just concluded, demonstrated in a marked degree the irresponsibility of enacting a tariff law in accordance with the Republican national platform; that is, making the duties equal the difference between the the cost of production at home and abroad plus a reasonable profit for American industries, without data bearing on the various industries other than that furnished by protected manufacturers whose personal profits are dependent on the tariff and whose views cannot be in any sense unbiased. Such manufacturers appear before the committee of Congress and assert that any reduction of the duties blow the existing law will ruin their business and throw thousands out of work. The few who attempt to controvert these statements are, naturally, less familiar with the details of a given industry than those engaged in it and they are generally made to appear ridiculous because of that lack of familiarity. The Senator or Representative dependent on the manufacturers in his district in large measure for re-election is hardly in position to treat their statements with incredulity. It is, therefore, imperative that Congress should have some official data on which to act and that, above all the President who, as Mr. Taft has well said, has the entire country for his constituency, should possess that data also. Only a tariff commission of the type designed by President Taft can furnish such data.

Some of the leaders in Congress sought to emasculate the tariff provision commission, as is clearly demonstrated by the statement of Senator Hale in debate that the provision of the President would have no power to investigate costs of production at home or abroad. The assurance of so able a lawyer as President Taft that the provision as enacted affords him wide latitude to secure just such information is, therefore, most reassuring to a majority of the people, even though it may greatly contribute to the discomfiture of Mr. Hale.

The President purposes to appoint his commission as soon as he can find just the right men. For a time the commission will doubtless be fully occupied securing the information necessary to the intelligent enforcement of the maximum and minimum provision, but even in connection with that work much valuable data will be secured and immediately that phase of the work is completed the commission will turn its attention to the determination of the costs of production at home. There is one way in which the reactionaries in Congress, men like Senator Cannon, can defeat the purpose of the President and that is by refusing to appropriate the funds necessary to pay the salaries and expenses of the commission; but if the people will do their part and insist that this course shall not be pursued, the President will have full power to make these all important investigations.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 7, 1909:

Colucci Francesco
Griffith Geo.
Hicks Miss. Lirdia.
Schober Miss. Agnes.

Foreign.

Florigan Tartennegier.

Persons calling for these letters please say they are advised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp Court House. Smethport, Pa.

Horsemen Attention.

FOR SALE

A pair, two-year old, filly, sired by Black Beauty, the famous Hackney stallion; dam Jes McClure the thoroughbred Morgan Mare. Call or address

F. O. PALMER.
Farmers Valley, Pa.

31

For Rent.

A large house with two acres of land in East Smethport. Inquire of J. L. Oviatt, East Smethport.

In The District Court of the United States for the Middle District of Pennsylvania.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PALMER WINDOW GLASS COMPANY, BANKRUPT. } In Bankruptcy, No. 1424.

To the creditors of said Bankrupt and to all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order by me duly entitled as above, made on the 19th day of July, 1909, by A. N. Crandall, referee in bankruptcy, I, the undersigned, trustee in bankruptcy in the above matter WILL SELL AT PUBLIC AUCTION, at the office of the Palmer Window Glass Company in the Borough of Shingle House, County of Potter and State of Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, the 25th day of August, 1909, at ten o'clock a. m., the property, land and premises in said order directed to be sold, and described as follows:

FIRST.

All the natural gas and petroleum oil in and under that certain plot or piece of land, situate, lying and being in the Township of Ceres, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, which is bounded and described as follows:

BEGINNING at the northwest corner of Lot No. 144; thence along line of land of Myrtle E. Dibble, north 39½ degrees west ninety (90) rods to a corner, thence east one hundred twenty (120) rods more or less to the southeast corner of Lot No. 133; thence south on the county line eighty (80) rods to the northeast corner of Lot No. 114 aforesaid; thence west eighty (80) rods to the place of beginning, CONTAINING fifty acres more or less and being part of Lot No. 136 of the allotment of the lands of Hamlin, Hamlin and Forrest in Ceres (formerly Annin) Township and parts of Warrants Nos. 2293 and 2209.

The deed conveying said premises to The Palmer Window Glass Company contained the following provisions: "The intent and purpose of this deed is to convey the oil and gas and all rights pertaining thereto in the above described land which were reserved by Byron D. Hamlin, Henry Hamlin and John Forrest in their deed to Caleb H. Roberts for said Lot No. 145 dated March 1, 1887 and recorded in Deed Book No. 37, page 348. And being the same premises conveyed to the said Noahe Hawks by Byron D. Hamlin, Henry Hamlin and John Forrest by deed dated the 13th day of June 1905. This conveyance is made and accepted with the express understanding between the parties hereto that in case gas be produced on said premises in paying quantities sufficient gas is to be delivered to the said N. Hawks, his heirs and assigns, so long as gas is so produced, free of charge, for fuel and lights in one house on said premises to be used in and to exceed two stoves and four jets." Conveyed to The Palmer Window Glass Company by deed dated July 1, 1905 by Noahe Hawks and wife, and recorded in the Records of McKean County, Deed Book Vol. 334, page 304.

ALSO. All the natural gas and three-fourths of the petroleum oil being contained in and under all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Ceres County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a post, the northeast corner of the D. Howard lot, No. 187; thence south one hundred-fifty-four (154) perches to a post, the southeast corner of S. A. Howard Lot No. 270; thence east *Sixty-two* perches to a post the northeast corner of C. F. Rogers lot No. 278; thence north thirty-six (36) degrees east forty-two and four tenths (42.4) perches to a post corner; thence north thirty six (36) perches to a post corner; thence north seventeen (17) degrees east fifty (50) perches to a post corner; thence north twenty four degrees west forty-three and five tenths (43.5) perches to a post corner on the south line of J. Howard Lot No. 201; thence west forty-nine and eight tenths (49.8) perches to a post, the southwest corner of said lot; thence south three and three tenths (3.3) perches to a post, the southeast corner of D. B. Roberts Lot No. 189; thence west thirty four (34) perches to the place of beginning, CONTAINING eighty-six acres of land, strict measure, be the same more or less and being Lot No 130 of the allotment of lands of Hamlin, Hamlin and Forrest in Ceres (formerly Annin) Township and part of Warrant No. 2293. Being all the natural gas and three fourths of the petroleum oil in and under the same premises conveyed to W. B. McDonald by deed of even date herewith, dated the 21st day of July, 1905.

The deed of conveyance of said premises to The Palmer Window Glass Company contained the following provisions: The said party of the second part, its successors and assigns, agrees to pay to the party of the first part, his heirs and assigns, the sum of one hundred dollars, to discharge all of the first parties' right, title, interest and claim of, in and to the gas and oil in and under the above described premises.

This deed was duly executed and delivered on the same day and year above mentioned by D. Hamlin et. ux. to Mary E. Howard and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 334, page 304. Said premises were conveyed by The Palmer Window Glass Company by W. B. McDonald and wife, by deed dated August 1, 1905 and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 334, page 305.

ALSO. All the natural gas and petroleum oil and other mineral substances that may be found in, upon or under a certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Ceres, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the county line running from the west corner of Lot No. 87 and a corner of Lot No. 88 in the allotment of lands of Hamlin, Hamlin and Forrest in Ceres Township; thence south eighty-six rods to a post, the southeast corner of Lot No. 85, deeded to Frank Patterson, thence south seventy-five rods to a post, the southeast corner of Lot No. 84, deeded to the said Frank Patterson; thence west eighty rods to the place of beginning, CONTAINING thirty-seven and five tenths (37.5) acres of land, strict measure, be the same more or less, and being Lot No. 130 of the allotment of lands of Hamlin, Hamlin and Forrest in the said Township of Ceres and part of Warrant No. 2293 and being the same premises conveyed to Emily F. Mason by Byron D. Hamlin et. al. by deed dated June 20, 1905 and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 334 at page 305. Conveyed to The Palmer Window Glass Company by Emily F. Mason and William W. Mason by deed dated September 1, 1905 and recorded in the Records of McKean County Deed Book 334, page 278.

SECOND.
Class A.

Leasehold interests or lands held for oil and gas purposes under the following described leases.

In McKean County.

No. 5. Lease dated May 20, 1902, given by A. L. and C. B. Lamphere to The Palmer Window Glass Company, recorded Sept. 27, 1902 in Deed Book Vol. 140, page 124, for 100 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, C. Wells
South, R. Mason
East, L. M. Lamphere
West, F. Howard et. al.

No. 6. Lease dated May 20, 1902, given by W. H. and C. L. Sanford to John Sweeney; recorded April 14, 1904 in Deed Book Vol. 153, at page 235, for 45 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township. Assigned to The Palmer Window Glass Company. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, Jesse Bosworth
South, John Roberts
East, E. M. Carpenter
West, A. H. Richards.

No. 7. Lease dated May 20, 1902, given by Edwin and Hannah Grover to John Sweeney and assigned by him to the Palmer Window Glass Company, recorded Mar. 21, 1904 in Deed Book Vol. 153, at page 236, for 45 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, Public Highway
South, Edwin Grover
East, Will Wells
West, James Foster.

No. 8. Lease dated May 20 1902 given by Jesse Bosworth to John Sweeney and assigned by him to The Palmer Window Glass Company, recorded Mar. 21, 1904 in Deed Book, Vol. 153, page 180 for 30 acres more or less, in Ceres Township. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, N. Lamphere
South, Henry Safford.
East, Potter Tire Company
West, John Richards.

No. 9. Lease dated May 20, 1902 given by L. M. Lamphere to John Sweeney and W. Barry, recorded Mar 21, 1904, in Deed Book, Vol. 138, page 175, records of McKean county and in Misc. Records Book Vol. "H" page 301 Records of Potter County for 65 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township. Assigned to The Palmer Window Glass Company June 30, 1904 and assignment recorded in Record in Misc. Record Book Vol. "H" page 414. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by land of the following persons:

North, C. Wells
South, A. L. Lamphere
East, D. W. Hand.
West, A. L. Lamphere.

No. 12. Lease dated July 16, 1901 given by N. Hawks to The Palmer Window Glass Company; recorded in Deed Book, Vol. 130, page 96, Records of McKean County, for 100 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following person:

North, John Dodd
South, Hargreaves Est.
East, G. M. North
West, Mde Worden.

No. 20. Lease dated August 2. 1901 given by John R. and Hannah Dodd to The Palmer Window Glass Company for 40 acres more or less, in Ceres Township; recorded Aug. 27, 1904, in Deed Book Vol. 129, page 408. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, Geo Roll
South, Hawks
East, G. N. North
West, E. N. Carpenter

No. 80. Lease dated August 2, 1904, given by Geo. Peckham to The Palmer Window Glass Company for 34 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township; recorded Aug. 27, 1904, in Deed Book Vol. 129, page 407. The land in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, A. Woodworth
South, J. Keller
East, Roberts lot
West, Mourserenus.

No. 85. Lease dated June 18, 1904, given by Jacob Keller to The Palmer Window Glass Company for 10 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township; recorded June 23, 1904, in Deed Book Vol. 130 at page 140. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, Geo. Peckham
South, F. Bailey
East, J. J. Roberts
West, Mourserenus.

No. 89. Lease dated June 9, 1904, given by Elizabeth North to The Palmer Window Glass Company for 91 acres more or less, in Ceres Township; recorded June 22, 1904, in Deed Book Vol. 130, at page 141. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, A. S. North et al.
South, Jennie Wood
East, E. W. Pensharo
West, N. Hawks

No. 88. Lease dated July 20, 1901, given by Justin and Lottea Fuller to The Palmer Window Glass Company for 25 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township; recorded Sept. 22, 1901, in Deed Book Vol. 130, at page 145. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, L. B. Marchus
South, J. J. Roberts
East, Sargent lot
West, Geo. Taylor

No. 93. Lease dated September 3, 1903, given by John J. Roberts to The Palmer Window Glass Company for 34 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township; recorded Oct. 6, 1904, in Deed Book 130, page 224. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, A. L. Lamphere
South, M. E. Dibble et al.
East, Mason et al.
West, M. E. Howard

No. 94. Lease dated September 3, 1903, given by John J. Roberts to The Palmer Window Glass Company for 85 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township; recorded Oct. 6, 1904, in Deed Book Vol. 129, page 223. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, Justin Fuller
South, J. E. Chipman
East, A. L. Lamphere
West, Public Road

No. 90. Lease dated September 17, 1903, given by S. E. & F. G. Fuller to The Palmer Window Glass Company for 75 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township, not recorded. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, G. Taylor
South, A. L. Lamphere
East, L. Lamphere
West, Justin Fuller

No. 106. Lease dated June 30, 1903, given by Jno. Black to The Palmer Window Glass Company for 40 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township; recorded Oct. 6, 1904, in Deed Book Vol. 130, page 223. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, L. B. Marchus
South, F. F. Bridge
East, F. F. Bridge
West, Wells Estate

No. 121. Lease dated October 3, 1905, given by Jas. A. Mc. Allen et ux. to The Palmer Window Glass Company for 85 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township; not recorded. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, John Roberts
South, Woodruff & Allen
East, Hargraves Estate
West, Samuel A. Woodruff

No. 122. Lease dated June 26, 1905, given by Frank Henry to The Palmer Window Glass Company for 75 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township, not recorded. The land described in said lease is bounded on its respective sides by lands of the following persons:

North, Charles Keller
South, Peter Shaw
East, W. Wheeler
West, Peter Shaw et al.

THIRD.
Class B.

Leasehold interests of lands held for oil and gas purposes under the following described leases:

No. 91. Lease dated November 17, 1904, given by A. L. & L. B. Lamphere to The Palmer Window Glass Company for 40.4 acres, more or less, in Ceres Township; recorded Dec. 6, 1905, in Deed Book Vol. 131, at page 145, being Lot No. 134 of the allotment of Keating & Co.

No. 95. Lease dated Jan. 14, 1905, given by John J. and Mamie C. Roberts to The Palmer Window Glass Company for 83.8 acres of land in Ceres township; recorded Feb. 14, 1905, in Deed Book Vol. 131, at page 5-7, being Lot No. 375, one part of Warrant No. 2293.

FOURTH.

Sundry gas mains and lines used for conveyance of gas from the different leases to the plant at Shingle House, being the mains leading to the factory from the points where two or more gas lead lines connect with mains, the lead lines from these points of connection to the wells being considered fixtures and appurtenant to the respective leaseholds or gas producing property. The main gas line is of 6¼ casing buried below the frost and extends from The Palmer Window Glass Company meter house to the head of Cow Run, a distance of about two miles. At the head of Cow Run the 6¼ inch line connects with a 4½ inch line which connects the Burton Center wells with the Bell Run gas field, a distance of about four miles. In addition to this there is about six miles of 2 inch pipe laid for temporary lines to bring in gas from wells belonging to other parties and purchased by the bankrupt while the plant was in operation.

ALL THAT CERTAIN PIECE, PARCEL OR LOT OF LAND, situate, lying and being in the Township of Ceres, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a stake in the southeast corner of land contracted to W. W. Weston; thence north 125 perches to a post the northeast corner of lines entire thence east 180 perches to a post corner in the west line of Lot number 6th; thence south 125 perches to a post post corner; thence west 160 perches to the place of beginning, CONTAINING 125 acres, strict measure, be the same more or less, and being Lot No. 5th of the allotment of the lands of Hamlin, Hamlin and Forrest in Ceres Township and part of Warrant No. 2293.

EXCEPTING AND RESERVING therefrom three-eighth part or share of the oil which may be discovered on or produced from the said land.

The deed of said property to The Palmer Window Glass Company was made in pursuance of and subject to a contract for the sale of said lands made by the parties of the first part thereto to Milo Worden and dated June 10, 1898.

The premises above described are the same premises conveyed to The Palmer Window Glass Company by Byron D. Hamlin and others by Deed dated October 25, 1905, and recorded in Records of McKean County Deed Book Vol. 135, page 88.

In addition to the above property the real estate belonging to said bankrupt and situate in Potter County, consisting of glass plant and appurtenances and land on which the same is located; 23 dwelling houses and land on which same is located and a vacant lot of about 6 acres and a number of oil and gas leases will also be sold.

The different items of property above mentioned will be sold separately or in the aggregate as called for by bidders at the time of sale. All of the bidding on all the above items of property to be with the understanding that after the bids on the separate items are taken, the entire property will be put up for bid. If the bid on the entire property shall exceed the aggregate of the bids on the separate items, the entire property will be sold to the highest bidder for the same. Said property to be sold free from liens. Terms of sale to be 25 per cent of bid, cash on date of sale; balance, cash on final confirmation and delivery of deed.

Dated, July 29, 1909.

O. G. METZGAR,
Trustee.

W. G. KELLOGG,
Attorney for Trustee,
Greenwood, N. Y.

We have moved our stock of shoes into the clothing store, and the Great Sale is still on. Great Bargains.

RUBIN'S SHOE STORE

BRADFORD
"Old Home" Week
AUGUST 8-14, 1909

A Week of Re-Union, Celebration and Entertainment. Big events each day. Reduced round trip fares Aug. 7-14; tickets good returning to August 16, inclusive.

65c from Newton

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.
$10.60 from SMETHPORT
—TO—
Atlantic City,
Cape May,
Wildwood, Sea Isle City or Ocean City
Anglesea, Holly Beach or Avalon, N. J.
August 24, September 3, 1909

Tickets good going on trains leaving at 10:18 a. m. and 1:35 p. m. on date of excursion to Philadelphia and connecting trains to seashore points.

STOP-OVER AT PHILADELPHIA

allowed on going trip until day following date of excursion, or within final limit returning, if ticket is deposited with Station Ticket Agent. Tickets good to return within fifteen days.

Full information of Ticket Agents.

J. R. Wood, Passenger Traffic Manager
Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of
Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.,
at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 19,694.76
Bonds	187,418.00
Loans	570,589 87
Cash	22,631.21
Due from Banks	88,514.17
	$888,844.16

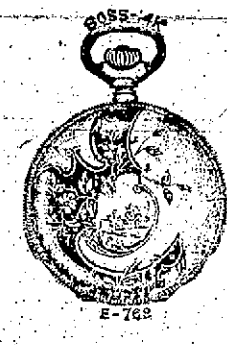
LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.38
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

Chas. M. Provin
has rented the shop in the rear of Armstrong's drug store and is prepared to do all kinds of
HORSESHOEING, BLACKSMITHING and WOODWORK
A share of your patronage is solicited.
Chas. M. Provin

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills
FOR BACKACHE



RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR
Main St. - Smethport

FARMERS,
Look out for BUGS and BLIGHT!
Paris Green,
Bluestone,
Helebore,
and everything in the Druggists' line fresh and new at the
A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

Store open Monday and Saturday evenings

Headquarters for McCall's Patterns

Last Days of Clearance Sale

This has been the largest and most successful Clearance Sale this store has ever known in its business career; it has kept us hustling every minute to wait on everyone. And with the extra help we have been able to give prompt service. For the balance of this week we have added a number of lines that we have not already spoken of in the circular and last week's paper.

Prompt Shoppers will Profit

The fact that many of the choicest values will go must not be overlooked when planing to attend this Sale. Come early—in advance of the great rush which will later in the day respond to this announcement.

INFANTS' AND CHILDREN'S

Embroidered and Lace Trimmed Lawn Hats in White, Pink, Blue and Red.

$1.48 Lawn Hats embroidered and lace trimmed, sale price $0.75
75c and 89c Lawn Hats, sale price ..... .45
50c Chiffon Hats in pink, blue and red sale price ..... .25
35c Lawn Hats sale price ..... .15
98c white lace trimmed and embroidered Bonnets, sale price ..... .45
50c and 60c Bonnets sale price ..... .29
25c and 35c Bonnets sale price ..... .15

20 per cent. reduction on all Carpets and Rugs.

LADIES' PARASOLS

Ladies' 75c Parasols, sale price ..... .48
Ladies' $4.00 White Silk Parasols with fancy striped centers, sale price 2.75
Ladies' Parasol in Black Chiffon Net, only 1 left, value $5.50, sale price 2.75
Ladies' $4.00 and 4.50 Colored Silk Parasols, sale price 2.98
Ladies' $2.25 Black Parasols with fancy handles, sale price 1.75

Ladies' Tailored Shirt Waists and Wash Suits.

Ladies' tailored Suits made of light colored figured Lawns and Percales, regular price $2.00, sale price 1.39
Ladies' tailored Suits made of light colored material, regular price $1.50, sale price 1.15

THE LINDHOLM CO.

SMETHPORT,

M'KEAN COUNTY PENNA.

DALY & GARLICK

Special Sale on

REFRIGERATORS

—and—

Hammocks

Binder Twine

Grain Cradles

—AT—

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 12, 1909

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—To-day will be a hard one on the simple life.

—A new concrete walk has been laid in front of the Brownell building.

—A new concrete walk is being laid in front of the Commercial House.

—The front of Mrs. John Clark's building on Main St. has been repainted.

—Take a look at Monheimer's ad on this page. His offerings should interest you.

—A new concrete walk is being laid in front of the hardware store of John C. Hamlin.

—A new concrete sidewalk is to be laid in front of the King property on Main street.

—The handsome residence of E. L. Keenan, Esq., on Main street is being brightened by a coat of paint.

—Mrs. Bert Kidder had the misfortune last Thursday to drop a flat iron on the little toe of her left foot smashing the member quite badly.

—John Eckert of Roulett, an old resident of this county, died on Wednesday of last week, aged 82 years.

—A heavy frost or rather a freeze was reported in this vicinity Tuesday evening and did much damage to crops.

—The council has let the contract for laying the concrete sidewalk intersections along the Main St. to Contractor Smith.

—Eugene Beere, a Port Allegany young man, had a narrow escape from death in jumping off a moving train in that place last week.

—The ladies of the Travelers' Club are preparing to have a cooked food sale in the Club house on Saturday, August 21st from 3 to 5 p. m.

—The Odd Fellows' band went to the fair grounds last Sunday and practiced and at the same time furnished some fine music for the large crowd that had assembled at that point.

—Our High School boys should be getting themselves in condition for the McKean County Fair Field sports. Other towns have their teams in training.

—The Port Allegany High School is putting a track team in condition and expect to make a good showing at the Field Day meet at the McKean County Fair.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Williams, nee Georgia D. Crosby, of Butler, Pa., August 5, 1909, a son.

—The executive committee of the Potato Grange have secured the service of the Eldred band for Field day at Coryville, Aug. 20.

—The fire alarm has again been placed in condition so that alarms can be once more sent in by calling up the Bell Telephone central.

—The P. H. C. picnic will be held at Riverhurst, Tuesday, August 17. Train leaves at 8:30 a.m., returning by regular train in evening. Fare 50 cts. for round trip.

—The cut glass factory resumed operations Monday after the summer shut down and started off with about twenty-five hands. It seems kind of good to hear the whistle of this plant in operation again.

—Mrs. John Brooke who has been very ill for the past two months is steadily improving. Considering the serious condition of her case the family wishes to give Dr. Clark a word of praise for his skilled work.

—A game of baseball was pulled off at the fair grounds Sunday afternoon between East Smethport and Crosby. The latter team won out by the score of 15 to 9. Quite a large number of people witnessed the game.

—At the meeting of the Smethport Fire Department held last Friday evening sixteen new members were taken into the department. By the adoption of the new constitution the membership of the Department was increased from 50 to 80. There is still vacancies for 14 more members.

—The building of John Eberspacher on Main St. occupied by him as a pool room and residence has been raised several inches and otherwise repaired during the past week and a new foundation is being placed under same. W. I. Oviatt did the work on the building and the work of laying the foundation is being done by John McCarty.

—Howard, the five year old son of F. W. Strong underwent an operation at the hands of Dr. Frederick in Bradford, Tuesday. The Dr. removed the lad's tonsils and adanoids which had troubled him for some time. The operation was a most critical one and was highly successful. Howard was brought home yesterday morning and is getting along finely.

—Luther Brooke who is located in Buffalo is spending a two weeks' vacation with his parents Mr. and Mrs. E. Brooke of this borough. Mr. Brooke is employed as a chemist by the Lackawanna Steel Co. He is a steel expert of recognized ability, being a graduate of the school of science in Sheffield, England, one of the best in the world, having put in ten years at the course.

—From a postal received from Mr. A. S. Burdick yesterday it is learned that he and Mrs. Burdick were enjoying themselves in Atlantic City at the time the latter was written.

—Consignments of the new Lincoln pennies were received at the Grange National Bank and the Hamlin Bank and Trust Co. in this borough during the past week and have been distributed among the patrons of the two institutions.

—D. C. Young is laying a fine flag stone walk in front of and making other extensive improvements about his property on West Main St. Much work has already been done and the residence and buildings have been re-painted and the large lawn is being filled in with earth along the street. This property which occupies an entire block is a most beautiful one and when the present improvements are completed it will be more so.

—The work of putting the fair grounds in position for this year's meeting of the Association is progressing fast. The track is being worked up and other repairs being made. The stables at the south of the grand stand which faced the track and which since the time of being built have blown down annually making an item of expense for the association of no mere proportion, are to be moved to the back of the grand stand, and be built on lines running east and west instead of north and south, thus escaping heavy winds.

—In the item last week concerning the large well drilled in by the Crosby Gas Co. on the McDade farm near that place week before last it was stated that the well was drilled by Howard and Oviatt. This was a mistake. The writer was informed when securing data that Geo. Howard had charge of the drilling and took it for granted that Ghordis Oviatt was also connected with the undertaking. We are informed that Messrs. Howard and Oviatt have dissolved their partnership and that the work was done by the Crosby Drilling Co. of which Mr. Howard is now president and that Mr. Oviatt was not connected with the well. Learning these facts we hasten to make this correction. Mr. Howard informed the Miner that this well is not as large as first reported.

Personal Mention.

E. W. Jones was a Bradford visitor on Tuesday.

Enos Southwick of Pittsburg is visiting in town.

Miss Hazel Green is visiting in Bradford this week.

Wall Fry is the guest of his brother, Sanford L. Fry.

Harry Silliman of St. Marys was in town yesterday.

Harry S. Rabin was a visitor in Bradford on Monday.

Mrs. J. V. McAlpin is a Bradford visitor this week.

John James of Olean was the guest of O. J. Hamlin on Sunday.

Miss Parker of Franklinville, N. Y. is a guest of friends here.

Ada Marshall of Shinglehouse is the guest of Mrs. A. A. Abbey.

Miss Eva Hoffman returned Saturday from an extended visit in Detroit.

Sheriff W. H. Morrison was a business visitor in Bradford last Friday.

Miss Octavia Raymer returned Friday from a two weeks visit in Philadelphia.

Misses Ethel Tull and Mable Foor returned last Friday from a visit in Philadelphia.

Mrs. V. S. Folger of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

Harvey McQuiston of Mexico City, Mex., is visiting at the home of Dr. H. L. McCoy.

J. A. Hull left last Friday for Lima, Ohio, where he will reside with his son, E. F. Hall.

Miss Mary Liebel is spending a week with her sister, Mrs. G. W. Campbell in this place.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Backus left for Bradford yesterday where they will spend the week.

Miss Katherine Morey returned Tuesday night from an eight weeks' visit in Binghamton and Elmira.

Elmer Roeder of Austin is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roeder, of Farmers Valley.

Miss Laura I. Halstead of Paris, Ont. is spending a fortnight with her aunt Mrs. G. W. Campbell of Green street.

Mr. and Mrs. D.M. Dunsmore of Reynoldsville, Pa., are the guests of Mrs. Dunsmore's daughter, Mrs. A. E. Foster.

Misses Edna Wilson and Eva Davis of Colegrove were the guests of Miss Hazel Colegrove the latter part of last week.

Mrs. Sheridan Gotton and daughter, Rita, departed Saturday for an extended visit with friends at Coudersport and Allegany.

Mrs. Chas. Bosworth and daughter, Charlotte, of Brooklyn are the guests of Mrs. Bosworth's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Thomas left this morning for a three week's visit with friends and relatives in Bradford and Tioga Counties.

Miss Mayme Hinman of Erie, Pa. and Mr. Floyd W. Hinman of Corvallis, Oregon are visiting their mother Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

Mrs. Arthur W. Cutler, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Mary A. Backus, returned to her home in Oneonta, N. Y., yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Ella Schoonmaker and children of Buffalo are guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Fitch and family.

The Misses Hattie Miller and Elvera Johnson, of this borough have been visiting Miss Alma Johnson of Port Allegony during the past week.

Mrs. James Anderson of Cambridge Springs is visiting her daughter, and Mrs. Deovert of Topeka, Kans., is visiting her sister Mrs. F. P. Isherwood.

Mrs. J. Burt and Miss Lorena Wheeler of Medina, N. Y., accompanied Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Harris home from their vacation on Friday of last week.

Mrs. William Gaffney, Mrs. George Webb, Misses Carrie and Mayme Hook, Miss Esther Newton and Miss Alice Webb of Bradford drove over here last Thursday in the Gaffney automobile and spent the day with Mrs. F. P. Isherwood.

Col. and Mrs. Melville Gillett, Mr. and Mrs. Dold, Mr. and Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin, Mr. and Mrs. Guy McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield, Mrs. W. E. Van Dyke and Miss McCoy formed an automobile party to Bradford Monday evening.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

AUGUST CLEARANCE BARGAINS

This stoie offers exceptional money saving opportunities these August days. It's a winding up time for summer goods—we must get rid of the small lots of hot weather goods now in anticipation of the fall stocks which will soon be asking for shelf and counter room and for your attention.

Most of the lots are small but there is a rich picking for the prompt ones.

10c Lawns and Batists at 8c
12½ " " " " 10c
18 & 20c Foulards & Tissues at 14c
25 & 35c Silk Mulls and Organdies at 19c
50c Silk Mulls at 38c
$1.00 to 1.50 White Waists at 50c
25c and 50c White Belts at 19c
25c Fancy Hosiery at 19c
50c " " " 38c
$1.00 Fancy Petticoats 75c

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Heavy Working Sox, 60c doz. pairs. Working Shirts 25c
50c Balbrigan Underwear, Blue and Tan, 38c
50c Jean Drawers, white, 25c

FRY & COMES

Smethport, Penna.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

ANDORFER & LYLE

Quality Grocers

TRY FROU-FROU---the New Dutch Delicacy Imported from Holland

FRESH POTATO CHIPS

FAXON'S BREAD AND BAKED GOODS

GREEN CORN SWEET POTATOES

ATLAS E-Z SEAL & MASON IMPROVED FRUIT JARS

See what $2.50 Cash will buy on Friday and Saturday this week:

$2.50 Combination	Regular Price		
½ sack W. P. Flour	$0.95	½ doz. Bananas	.13
5 lbs. Granulated Sugar	.20	1 lb. Crackers—Soda or Butter	.10
1 lb. Brighton Blend Coffee	.25	1 "Kellog's" Toasted Corn Flakes	.10
6 bars Oak Leaf Soap	.25	1 lb. "Dipco" seeded raisins	.10
½ lb. best Uncolored Japan Tea	.27	1 can Old Dutch Cleanser	.10
1 can fancy Corn	.12		$3.75
1 lb. best Rice	.10	Our Special Cash Offer	$2.50

WM. MONHEIMER.

COME

To Our Store This Week

and take advantage of some

Splendid Values

that will be offered. You will find many choice bargains in Clothing for men and boys. Hats and Furnishings, and you will surely want some of them.

Just Take a Look at Our Window.

MONHEIMER'S

AUNT ALINE'S TRYST.

The Coming of the Man She So Anxiously Awaited.

By JOHN ROXBURY.

[Copyrighted, 1900, by Associated Literary Press.]

"Why, Aunt Aline! How pretty you look! What have you been doing to yourself? And where are you going?"

Little Mrs. Jordan had run into her aunt's cozy home on her way to the city.

"Is it so unusual for me to look nice, Dollie?"

Miss Sherwin turned from the glass before which she had been giving a final touch to the soft brown hair that waved around her white forehead and smiled quizzically at her niece.

"No," returned the little matron with cordial sincerity; "you always look lovely to Dan and Nell and me. But you never would buy yourself pretty clothes while we were with you, and as you were always doing something for us you seldom took time to look at yourself. That new golden silk is wonderfully becoming, and that mechlin at your throat, with the quaint brooch of coral and silver, is most artistic. And you have such a pretty pink color in your cheeks. One would think you were a young girl going out to meet your lover."

The color of which Dollie Jordan spoke deepened to rose. Miss Sherwin laughed an odd, embarrassed little laugh.

"You mustn't come fluttering me," she said. "And—I don't wish to hurry you, but you'll miss your train to town if you stay much longer."

"Mercy me! So I will!" And with a hasty glance at the clock and a hurried kiss she rustled away at a rapid rate.

Miss Sherwin turned again to the mirror when she was alone. Dollie was right. She did not look her twenty-nine years. Indeed, the face that smiled back at her was very sweet in its bright serenity. The lips that parted over gleaming white teeth were full and rosy. And the large gray eyes, looking forth from under dark brows and lashes, had a beaming brilliance.

"Maurice won't see much change in me," she said as she put on her hat. She slipped on a wrap and took up her gloves. But suddenly she stood still, shaken by the cruel dread. Suppose he were not there! It was a long journey here from Australia. Accidents innumerable were occurring every week. What if he were the victim of one? What if he were ill and could not make the trip?

The one greatest dread of all she did not voice even to her inmost consciousness.

"How foolish you are, Aline Sherwin!" she said, with an impatient little toss of her head. "His last letter said he would meet you at the old trysting place on this day, the anniversary of our engagement there. Maurice would never break his word."

She walked at a brisk rate the many blocks which lay between her home and the park. The charming suburban pleasure ground was gorgeous in its autumnal robes of amber and crimson and living gold. There was a continual drifting of glowing leaves through the blue, hazy air. And everywhere children were making merry, running and laughing and playing games.

But when Alice Sherwin reached the great stone fountain where the leaping water no longer glittered her heart sank with sudden, sharp disappointment. There was no one there but a gray haired, spectacled man, who glanced up at her approach only to bend instantly again over the paper he was reading. She took out her watch and consulted it.

"My watch is fast! I am ten minutes too soon! How foolish of me to—to fear!" she said.

She walked up and down the graveled path near the fountain. To sit still was impossible. She watched the different avenues up which he might come. It was ten years since they had parted. Five minutes gone! At 3 he would be there, he had written—seven minutes!

And he need never have gone away. If it had not been for Mary's unexpected death she might have gone with him. But Aline had declared herself bound to take care of her sister's children.

Six months ago freedom had come to her. Dan was a man and prospering, Dollie was married, and Nell had gone to live with her. So Aline Sherwin wrote to her lover that she was waiting for him.

The clock in the tower clanged out the hour of 3.

She started, and her reticule fell to the ground. Three, and he was not here! Each clang of the bell had struck on her heart like a blow.

"You have dropped your bag!" The man on the bench picked it up and offered it to her, lifting his hat. "I'm afraid you are disappointed," he said pleasantly. "You were expecting some one?"

She hardly glanced at him. But she was in the mood for confidence, and his voice was sympathetic.

"Yes," she said and sat down. "A friend who has been long abroad was to have met me here this day, this hour, and he has not come."

"I've been a great traveler myself," the man said. "Where did your friend live abroad?"

"In Australia." Her eyes were still seeking an advancing figure along the paths that led to this fountain.

"I've been there. But of course it's a mighty extensive country, and the cities are populous."

"I suppose so," she assented abstractedly. Her heart was like lead within her. "It would be absurd to suppose you had known Maurice Farrar there."

"Let me see," he repeated musingly. "Yes, I did know a man of that name. What did your friend look like?"

"He was straight and handsome," she returned dreamily. "He had brown, beautiful eyes, a classic, clean shaven face and curling black hair."

"Oh, that isn't the man I know at all," he said positively. "The Farrar I know is rather stout and bearded and quite gray."

Miss Sherwin nodded indifferently. She glanced again appealingly at the clock in the tower. Fifteen minutes past 3! He was not coming.

"There is no use waiting," she said, rising. "All the joyousness seemed to have left her. "Maurice would be here—if he were alive!"

How dreary the golden day had grown, how cold! And what a moan there was in the wind, a desolate cry that found its echo in her heart.

The man on the bench sprang erect, a straight, robust figure. He thrust his smoked glasses in his pocket, swept off his hat and held out eager arms.

"Aline!" he cried. "Maurice is here!"

For one wild, stunned, incredulous moment she stared at him. Then she took a faltering step forward. His arms closed around her as she sobbed out her gladness on his breast. Marked by exile and labor, prematurely gray, and yet the same—the old sweet smile, the old loving eyes!

"It was no deliberate deception, dear. It was only when I saw you approaching that I remembered the glasses I must wear in strong sunshine and slipped them on. I cannot read with them on," he laughed, "but I bent over the paper just the same. My dearest own girl, will you forgive me? You have kept your girlish beauty. The fever that made my hair gray makes me look older than I am."

Her color had come back in a rosered tide. She smiled up at him, standing stalwart and dignified before her, and she cried to him: "You are handsomer than ever, Maurice! But, even if you were really bent and crippled—yes, and blind—you would be, as you've always been, the only man in the wide world for me!"

And now the leaves had a merry rustle and the wind a song of joy.

Pleasures of Trout Fishing.

Catching trout is not the only thing that makes fishing a mountain stream worth while. The early morning ride to the place where you are to commence your day's sport is in itself pleasant to a degree wholly missed by those who take their rides later in the day. During the early hours of the day the air is fresh and invigorating. Every leaf and spear of grass by the roadside sparkles with dew, and the forest is pungent with pleasant and health giving odors that are dispelled as the sun rises above the treetops and dries the moisture on leaf and twig. As you drive quietly along you may have the good fortune to see a deer browsing in a roadside clearing. He stands watching you for a moment or two, then turns quickly and with graceful leaps disappears among the trees. An old fox steps out into the road and trots boldly along ahead of you for some distance, but when he discovers that you are gaining on him he turns for an instant, shows his teeth with a snarl and then slinks away into the bushes. Farther along a partridge with her brood of chicks has also ventured out into the road, and when she, too, discovers that you are drawing uncomfortably near there is a great to do. With outspread wings and uttering the plaintive cry made by a mother partridge when she believes her young to be in danger, she hastily collects the members of her family and leads and drives them back into the security of the woods.—Outing Magazine.

Mike Was There Too.

"I was there," said the reporter, "and I know this is true.

"It was during the Spanish-American war. Most of the boys had enlisted in the navy, and there were more than a score aboard the converted cruiser St. Paul, commanded by the then Captain Sigsbee, who was commander of the ill fated Maine at the time she was destroyed in Havana harbor.

"We were slowly making passage out of New York harbor one bright, sunshiny morning, and several hundred of the crew were lined up along the ice rail of the main deck watching the various craft plying up and down the river.

"By and by a magnificent swanlike private yacht, owned by a prominent Philadelphian, steamed swiftly alongside of us, and when we were within easy speaking distance a beautiful and elegantly attired woman on the bridge called out in a clear soprano voice to the officer on our bridge, 'Is Captain Sigsbee aboard?'

"Before the man addressed could reply a huge, brawny coal heaver, with a voice that seemed to almost make the ship vibrate, shouted from the main deck, 'Yes, Captain Sigsbee is aboard, an' so is Mike O'Neill!'

"In the roar of laughter which followed even the fair inquirer after the captain joined, though the officer on our bridge turned purple with rage and mortification."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Capacity Limited.

To a swell cafe I led her, and on terrapin I fed her, yet methought I noted sadness in her eye. Then as we departed and for a street car started, she let out a large and soulful sigh. When I asked her trouble, her answer knocked me double. "I got so full of turtle that I had no room for pie."—Chicago News.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE

Sewing Hooks and Eyes.

Try this quick way of putting hooks and eyes on a waist. Sew the eyes on the left front the desired distance apart, with the loops out far enough to make hooking easy; then baste the right front carefully over the left, lapping as much as may be desired. Turn the waist just as it is wrong side out, put a hook in every eye and sew it in position.

To mark the place for buttons, pin the buttonhole edge of the garment in place, then with a needleful of thread begin at one end and take a single stitch in every buttonhole, carrying the thread to the opposite end. Cut the thread halfway between the buttonholes, lift off the cloth, and there will be a bit of thread where each button should be sewed.

Care of Gloves and Veils.

Silk and lisle gloves wash readily in lukewarm suds made of good white soap. They should be well rinsed, squeezed in a towel and hung up to dry. A soiled chiffon veil or scarf may be laundered in exactly the same way as the gloves, taking care not to wring or squeeze it. The dirt must be gently patted out. While still wet it must be pinned in its proper shape on a table or bed, and after it is dry the edge may be pressed with a warm iron. If one will carefully darn the toes and heels of the thin lisle and silk stockings with a fine silk thread before wearing they will wear much longer. The stitches must be taken only up and down in parallel rows not across.

Some Uses For Lemons.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice in a small cup of black coffee will drive away an attack of bilious headache.

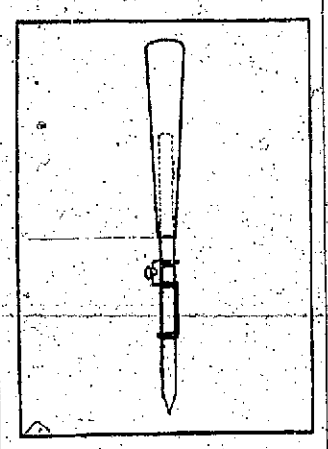
A little lemon juice rubbed on the face, arms and neck at night will not only whiten but soften the skin.

A paste made of magnesia and lemon juice applied to the face and hands when lying down for fifteen minutes will bleach the skin beautifully.

Hot lemon juice and sugar or lemonade for a cough has rarely been known to fail of giving relief.

Embroidery Stiletto.

The embroidery stiletto herewith shown will punch any size holes desired in a fabric. By any size, of course, is meant any of the sizes used in that sort of work. The device consists of a small rod tapering into a sharp point and equipped with a handle. Along this rod runs a gauge device held in position by a screw. The nearer this gauge is to the point of the stiletto the smaller the hole made and, conversely, when it is run back



MAKES HOLES OF ANY SIZE.

toward the handle the circumference of the holes may be increased to that of the rod itself. It can thus be made to pierce any size holes, from small eyelets to comparatively large circles. Heretofore, unless a woman had an assortment of stilettos of various sizes, and few had such a variety, only one size hole could be made in a fabric with any degree of accuracy, and neat, graduated circles were found only in bought designs.

Fruit Mint Julep.

Boil together for ten minutes three pints of water and a pound and a half of granulated sugar. Add to this one packed cup of chopped mint leaves. Cover and let stand for ten minutes; then strain and cool. Add to this the strained juice of one dozen lemons, one cup and a half of strained orange and strawberry juice, and let all stand an hour. Pour into a punch bowl containing a large piece of ice, add a bottle of apollinaris and garnish with cherries and sprigs of mint.

Elderberry Wine.

Pour two gallons of warm water on every seven pounds of berries, then to every two gallons of this juice add seven pounds of white sugar. Stem and mash berries in earthen jar, pour on the water, let stand three days, stirring every day, then strain or press; add the sugar and let stand overnight. In morning skim off, put in a large jug or keg to ferment. When through, cork jug tight or bottle.

To Protect Fingers.

To protect fingers from the needle in making buttonholes cover the first finger with white court plaster when sewing black goods and black plaster when sewing on white goods.

To Remove Mildew.

To remove mildew, rub common yellow soap on the dampened article and then sift some starch on that. Rub well and put out in the sunshine.

RECONCILED BY ACCIDENT.

The Girl That Helped John's Mother In an Emergency.

By CLARA LOUISE OTIS.

[Copyrighted, 1900, by Associated Literary Press.]

"Six o'clock and all's well. Wind's in the east and blowing like—everything."

carroled a masculine voice.

The woman in the kitchen smiled in spite of herself. "The dear child," she murmured happily, "so much like his father," then to the "child," a tall young man of twenty-four, just entering the kitchen: "You're early tonight, dear. Supper won't be ready for ten minutes."

"Oh, that's all right," John Williams gave his mother a vigorous hug. "How is mother?"

"Well. And John?"

"Fine. Say, mother!"

"Yes, dear?"

"How would you like a daughter-in-law?"

Mary Williams set down the frying pan and faced her son with a dazed expression. "A daughter-in-law?" she repeated blankly. A blinding rush of tears came to her eyes, and the little room seemed to be whirling around. "Oh, John!" was all she said, but the bitter disappointment of those two words was not lost on the young man.

"I'm sorry," he said briefly and left the room.

Memories one after the other crowded fast before her. Her husband had died when John was three, and they had been so happy! And since John had grown to manhood how happy he had made her! Yet—yet he was going to bring another woman here—another woman! The odor of scorching meat made her start.

"Some supper's ready," she called in what was intended to be her natural voice.

"Tell me about it," offered Mary after they had sat in silence for some minutes.

"Not if you don't want to hear, mother."

The hurt, proud tones brought contrition to her heart.

"I do want to hear." The words were true in more ways than one.

"Her name is Kitty—Kitty Marvin."

"And"—

"Oh, mother, mother! I've wanted to tell you so! Are you sure you want to hear?"

"Yes, yes!" She flushed out the words lest John should divine her aching heart. She smiled, too.

Seeing only his mother's smile, John launched into the dear topic. "She hasn't lived here long, only since May. I didn't tell you because—well, to tell the truth, I was afraid you'd be all cut up about it. Besides, it wasn't settled until last night. Why, mother, you're crying! Are you sorry?"

"No, no! I'm—glad. Go on!"

"I met her last year out at the lake. Do you remember my speaking of those girls out there? I knew then she was the only one in the world for me." John spoke very softly.

So he had cherished this girl in his heart a whole year, and she had thought herself to be his all in all!

"Wasn't it strange, mother," went on the young man in a subdued voice, as if his happiness was still a wonderful thing, to be reverenced and held in awe—"wasn't it strange that she should move here, not knowing it was my home?"

"Yes. Tell me everything, dear."

"All right. She is little and slim and has gray eyes." Mary Williams was built on generous, capable lines, and her eyes were brown. "Her hair is like yours—brown and heavy. She gives music lessons." Mary had no accomplishments except housekeeping. "She sings, too—oh, mother, you ought to hear her sing! And she is as quick as a bird and the prettiest dancer."

"Can she cook?"

"Well, I don't know, but she can do everything else. You see, there are so many in her family that it's hard to tell just who does do the work. I know she can sew, for she showed me a dress last night that she made."

After the supper work was done and John had gone off whistling Mary sat down by the fire. "O God, give me strength to bear it!" she prayed fiercely, holding tight to the arms of the chair, then relaxing in a sudden burst of resentful tears. "How can he—how can he bring that girl here—that Kitty?" ran her rebellious thoughts, and she forgot about her prayer. "Why, her very name sounds good for nothing. If I was an old woman it would be different, but I'm only forty seven and as strong as ever. This is my house, my own house, and I keep it my own way. Yet a girl is going to come in and shove me back—me, who loves John more than she ever could! Don't I always come home early from sewing society so as to have John's supper on time? Don't I make his shirts, when almost every man buys them ready made? Wouldn't I do his washing if he would let me? Oh, she can't love him as I do! Probably she won't even let him smoke in peace. Oh, she can't come—she just can't!"

For an hour she poured out the rebellion in her soul to the leaping, sympathetic fire, then sank back exhausted. "How selfish I am!" she cried aloud. "I'll have to bear it. John's a man now." As she grew more calm she looked with disgust at her outburst. "I act like a baby! I guess I'm made of better stuff than that, and this is the last foolishness you'll hear from me. If my son's going to be married, why, he's going to be married—that's all."

But she forgot to be on her guard the next morning when John enthusiastically remarked that she should have heard Kitty sing "Dearie" the night before.—"Dearie"—what a foolish name for a song! And with that one contemptuous thought all the bitterness of the thing came back to her.

"Do you always have to talk about her—even at the breakfast table?"

John's lips came together in a straight line. "I thought"—he began, then stopped abruptly. Ten minutes later he left the house in silence.

Mary would have given all she possessed to recall those words. A sort of hopelessness came over her. If she could control herself no better than that now, what would she do later?

If she only could be sure that the girl would be sensible! From John's description it didn't seem as if she could possibly be. "He has lost his head over some little flirt," she told herself, "and I can't stop him. I wonder if he will forgive me. I—I'm afraid not."

At supper that night her doubts were confirmed. John talked steadily about the weather, the shop, the garden—everything but Kitty. She longed to break in herself with the subject.

Two days passed. Then she could stand it no longer.

"John, I'm sorry"—

He motioned her to silence. "You have let me know very plainly that you don't want me to talk about her, and I won't."

Nor did he. A week passed by, then two—distressing weeks for them both.

"You come near losing your supper tonight," announced Mary one evening.

"Why, how is that?"

"I was downtown, waiting to take the 4:30 car, when, all at once, I dropped one of my parcels and everything in it rolled into the street. The car was in sight, and you know there isn't another until 5:30. I knew I couldn't get all the thread and buttons picked up in time, and I was thinking, 'Oh, dear, John won't have any supper until 7 o'clock,' when, all of a sudden, some one said, 'Let me help you.' It was some young girl, and I thought I never saw any one pick up things so fast in my life. I knew just enough to open by jerks while she shoved them in. Then the cars stopped and she helped me on, and as she would some old lady [illegible] was one of her girl friends [illegible] see any one so h[illegible] that again [illegible] looked. Like I [illegible] I did see her [illegible] elgn looking [illegible] "What [illegible] "Silver [illegible] gether I [illegible] was [illegible]

[illegible] Hall. Adoption de[illegible] Mond[illegible] and 4th Chief [illegible] M. S. GRAEV, [illegible] I. F. HOGARTH, [illegible] C.

[illegible] Presbyterian [illegible] W. A. Harris, pastor [illegible] Sunday [illegible] at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

[illegible] Presbyterian—J. Heber [illegible] rector. Services every Sunday at [illegible] and 7:30 p. m. Additional services [illegible] cent on first Sunday of each [illegible] School at 12 m.

All Saint's Mission [illegible] Smethport—Rev. J. Heber [illegible] rector. Divine Services and Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Ingan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. the Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—P. B. Ware, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

Love In the Kitchen.

Among the domestic servants of a Germantown woman is a very pretty Irish girl, not long in this country. Now, Bertha had not been at work more than a couple of months before she became engaged to a plumber's apprentice. She confided to her mistress, however, that she had no intention of marrying at an early date, but wished instead to save her money and incidentally afford the apprentice time to become a regularly registered plumber.

The mistress good naturedly assented to the girl's request that the lad be allowed to visit her in the kitchen. It was observed that on such occasions only the voice of Bertha could be heard coming from the kitchen.

"Your sweetheart doesn't seem to be much of a talker," said the lady of the house to Bertha.

"No, mum," said Bertha; "leastways not yit, mum. But he'll do better as toime goes on. He's too bashful yit, mum, to do anything more than eat."—Philadelphia Press.

A Handy Man.

"Why so sad?" queried the yeoman, looking at her fondly.

"Oh, nothing special, only I have troubles of my own," said the fair young thing sighing.

"I insist in taking a hand in them," he said, seizing a dainty palm. He was wasting its time in her lap.—Boston Globe.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheats.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Blaine township.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—H. F. Marsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
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Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
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Constable—L. L. Pratt.
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Judge of Election—H. S. Robin.
Inspectors of Election—F. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 384, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WADE BEADICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

[illegible] WRIGHT, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

E. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA AHERN, Com.
BELLE RAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 4 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Mrs. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 23, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEBROOK, Pres.
JENNIE EBERSPACHER, Secretary.

[illegible] No. 15, O. [illegible] S.—Meets [illegible] nth in Odd [illegible]

[illegible] M.—Meets every Monday [illegible]

THE NEW YORK WORLD

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THE PRODIGAL BUTTERFLY.

She Played Her Part to Good Purpose, as It Proved.

By MARIE DENSMORE.

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At the age of twenty-nine Bessie Pryor was forced to sit down and take stock of herself, her requirements and her future. The money her father had left her, which she had foolishly believed would last forever, was gone, with the exception of a few hundred dollars.

She had had a good time with it. As she looked back over recent years and considered how she had spent it she had to admit that she had had a very good time with it. First she had had four years in the best college in the country; she had had a year of foreign travel; she had been much about her own country; she had had seasons in the mountains, seasons at the seashore, seasons in the city; she had heard the best music, seen the best plays and studied the best pictures in the world. And, as for clothes, she had worn right and left the finest productions of the shops and experienced modistes.

Now all of this was at an end suddenly. She had had a last interview with her father's old attorney, and he had told her the truth. She had used up her means. The past summer had written finis to the story of her prodigality. Only a few hundred remained. What was she to do?

Of course there was Aunt Bess, for whom she had been named—Aunt Bess, under whose wing she had gayly squandered her substance in riotous living.

She knew very well why Aunt Bess had allowed her to go on as she had. She had expected her to make a rich match. But fate would have otherwise. There had been men enough, but only one for whom she had cared, and he would have none of her. And so she had come to twenty-nine and, at the end of her fortune without the slightest claim upon her freedom.

She could live with Aunt Bess, but Aunt Bess had girls of her own, who were just coming out, one after the other, at enormous expense. And Uncle Ed wasn't the richest man in the world.

"I can't live on them," the girl concluded. "They'd take me in and do their best by me, but I'd be a burden. Alas and alack, if only I had learned some useful craft! And only $700 remaining. It appears the only thing left for me is to be a vender of old clothes. I've got enough of them, goodness knows!"

She laughed a little tremulously. "But, dear me, I can't sell my clothes. I shall have to wear them. Well, it stands like this: I can't live with Aunt Bess—pride forbids." She checked off one finger. "I can't teach; I can't sew; I can't—I can't do anything."

She dropped her head in her hands an instant, then raised it resolutely. "Bess Pryor, you're a chicken hearted thing! Put on your things and take a walk. You will be crying next thing you know."

She sprang up, donned hat and furs and a few moments later was leaving the house of the elderly friend with whom she was stopping during this urgent business quest of hers to the city.

At the very first corner, as she was walking briskly along trying to get the better of her feelings, she met a plainly dressed girl who was walking just as briskly.

"Why, Madge White!" Bess exclaimed, holding out her hand eagerly. "I haven't seen you in years. Where in the world do you come from?"

The other girl laughed.

"Why, don't you know? I'm here taking a course in the business college. I'm learning shorthand and typewriting. You see"—her voice dropped—"there's been hard times at Rome, and I'm getting out by myself to ease the burden if I can. I always did love to tinker with a typewriter, even when I didn't have to, and I hope I shan't like it any the less now that I shall have to look to it as a means of support."

"Typewriting and shorthand," Bess mused. "Madge," she spoke earnestly, "do you suppose I know enough to manipulate the keys and make those pothook things with a pencil?"

"Do you? And you a college girl! You certainly know enough, Bess. The trouble is you don't have to learn."

"Ah, but I do," Bess said soberly. "Let me walk with you and tell you all about it."

And as they went slowly up the street together she told her story. She had not cared much for Madge in college, for Madge was in a different set from her own, but she saw now that she had missed a good deal by not making friends with this very sensible, capable, warm hearted girl.

When at last the story had been told Madge had helped her to make a plan for the present. She was to enter the business school, board where Madge did and share her room, and she was to tell the friend with whom she was staying and Aunt Bess and her father's old attorney that she had started out to earn a living for herself.

At the end of six months of the hardest mental work she had ever undertaken Bess was declared a finished pupil of more than ordinary excellence, and a position was obtained for her at a fair salary at a place where many other girls were at the same work as herself.

Six months more passed. She and Madge White still clung together. Madge was her closest, almost her only friend, for the rest seemed to have forgotten her or at least to overlook her.

Even Aunt Bess seemed to have no time for her. She wrote that she was worn to a frazzle between Marjorie's debut and Elinor's engagement. Well it did not matter, of course, but had it not been for Madge Bess could hardly have endured her life sometimes.

At th end of six months Homer Baird, her father's old attorney, sought her out and asked her to accept a position as his secretary.

"Miss Page is going to be married," he said. "She leaves the first of the month. She is an expert, and I gave her $15 a week, but you may have the same if you will come."

"Oh, Mr. Baird, how good you are!" Bess cried. Fifteen dollars a week meant as much to her as $1,500 had once upon a time.

Two weeks later she was installed in his office and was making herself as invaluable to him as his former secretary had done. Clad simply in blue, her hair very smooth, not a gleam of gold, not a streak of ribbon about her, she sat each day before the massive office typewriter playing the keys with swift precision or making pothooks upon a pad at the old lawyer's dictation.

One morning as she sat thus at work alone the door opened and a man entered—a man whom she had not seen in two years, since that last evening she had danced with him and he had gone away without saying a single thing she had expected him to say.

She felt the color leaving her face, she felt a tremor seize her, but she made a brave stand in spite of all.

Her year as a wage earner had taught her more self command than all the other years of her life put together.

"Miss Pryor," he exclaimed, "in the name of all that is wonderful, what are you doing here?"

It was just like him to say that, and she could not help laughing a little at his evident amazement.

"Just earning my living, if you please, Mr. Trent," she replied.

"And is that necessary?"

"Most necessary. Did you ever hear the old story of the prodigal son, Mr. Trent?"

He nodded, watching her earnestly.

"Well," Bess went on, a little breathlessly, "like him, I have wasted my substance and I must earn it if I would eat. I've been a business woman for a year, and I'm beginning to like it even better than being a society girl. Ah, here comes Mr. Baird," as the old lawyer entered.

His entrance ended their conversation for that day, but soon after Trent came again.

Being a lawyer himself and upon very good terms with Mr. Baird, it was easy for him to frame excuses for frequent calls.

"So you like doing this?" he said one day, standing beside her and looking down at her nimble fingers. She looked up at him brightly.

"Yes, indeed. I never knew what it was to live until now. I only wish I had got to work sooner."

He waited awhile. They were alone in the office, and in the silence the clatter of the typewriter keys sounded startlingly loud.

"I suppose," he said finally, "that you are so in love with your work here that nothing could induce you to make a change. And yet I have been thinking that I could offer you a position rather better than this if you cared to accept it."

"But I'm not sure that it would be fair to Mr. Baird to leave him. He has been very good to me," Bess said.

"You don't understand," Trent said, speaking very low and leaning over her. "This is a permanent position—that of being my wife."

"I'd given up ever expecting to hear that from you," Bess said a little later. "Why didn't you tell me it that summer at Lenox or the winter before in Boston?"

"Because, my dear," Trent said, "I'm a sane man, and no matter how much I cared for a woman I would never marry her were she not the right sort. I didn't see in the frivolous girl you were then the making of a good wife for me. So, though I was strongly tempted, I went away without speaking."

"Then I played the prodigal daughter to good advantage, after all," Bess said mischievously. "If my money had held out this would never have happened. But how do you know that my old habits may not return?"

"How? Because you have learned your lesson well. And, anyway, the role of prodigal daughter, as you call it, never suited you so well as"—

"My present one?"

"No; as your future one as my wife will suit you."

Sick Convicts' Excuses.

One of the first duties I fulfilled as a supernumerary warder was the care and control of prisoners "down for the doctor." Convicts complaining of sickness are allowed to leave their cells during their dinner hour and form up in a long rank outside the medical officer's room, into which they enter and state their cases in rotation. Many of the prisoners' complaints and requests at the doctor's desk are extremely funny and grotesque.

"Please, sir, I've got a bad heart," one man says lugubriously.

"I know you have," the doctor replies, with a laugh. "If you had a good one you would not, in all probability, have seen a prison interior."

"Would you be so kind, sir," the next man says persuasively, "as to let me have one or two of your sanctimonious pills?"—London Tit-Bits.

FOR THE CHILDREN

A List of Books For Boys.

The following is a course of reading suitable for a boy of high school age, from twelve to seventeen years, prepared by Frederick K. Law of the English department in Stuyvesant high school, New York city, to cover a period of four years:

First Year—1, "The Talisman," by Scott; 2, "Marmion," by Scott; 3 "Oregon Trail," by Parkman; 4, "Bracebridge Hall," by Irving; 5, "The Jungle," by Kipling; 6, "The Tent on the Beach," by Whittier.

Second Year—1, "She Stoops to Conquer," by Goldsmith; 2, "A Comedy of Errors," by Shakespeare; 3, "Essays," by Lamb; 4, "The Mill on the Floss," by Eliot; 5, "Enoch Arden," by Tennyson; 6, "Cranford," by Mrs. Gaskell.

Third Year—1, "Henry IV.," by Shakespeare; 2, "David Copperfield," by Dickens; 3, "King of the Golden River," by Ruskin; 4, "The White Company," by Doyle; 5, "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Reade; 6, "Birds, Bees and Sharp Eyes," by Burroughs.

Fourth Year—1, "King Lear," by Shakespeare; 2, "Lorna Doone," by Blackmore; 3, "Westward Ho!" by Kingsley; 4, "Paradise Lost," by Milton; 5, "Little Rivers," by Van Dyke; 6, "Kenilworth," by Scott.

When a boy has read the books named and has read them well he will have developed a taste for good literature.—New York World.

The Game of Elves.

In this game the players take turns to hit a ball with the hand above the line marked on a wall. Sometimes bats are substituted for the hand.

This is the simple game of elves, but the more complicated kind is played in court.

There are two kinds of courts, the Eton court and the Rugby court.

In both games the players try to hit the ball above a line about three feet or four feet from the ground or ledge on the front wall in such a way as to prevent their opponents hitting it back again over the line before it has touched the ground for the second time.

The game begins by one of the players "serving" the ball by striking it against the wall and making it fall into the side of the court where his adversary is. The latter returns it, and the game goes on until one of the players misses the ball or else fails to strike it above the line. The miss counts a point for the adversary. The game counts fifteen points, but the rules vary according to the different courts in which they are played.

The Value of a Comma.

The trustee of a country school was on his rounds, and at one of his examinations of the pupils the question was raised as to the value of a comma. This the trustee treated with something like scorn, claiming that the comma didn't amount to a row of pins. The teacher, who had at various times impressed its value on his pupils, thereupon called on one of the bright boys of the school to give an example of what he thought was the comma's value by writing a sentence on the blackboard. The boy smiled at the teacher and promptly wrote on the board, "Henry Jones says the trustee is a dunce." Naturally the trustee got angry and demanded that the teacher punish the boy for his impertinence. But the boy, with a word of apology, told the teacher that his example was not complete. Then he wrote: "Henry Jones, says the trustee, is a dunce." And the trustee had to acknowledge that the comma, after all, is sometimes a good thing to use.—Chicago News.

Old Sir Simon and Young Sir Simon.

All the players join hands and form a circle, dancing round and singing "Old Sir Simon, the knight, and young Sir Simon, the squire." Then they stop, and, saying "This is how old Sir Simon goes," they hobble about like decrepit old men, after which they strut about with their chins in the air, saying, "But this is how young Sir Simon goes."

They then join hands and dance round, singing as before, "Old Sir Simon, the knight, and young Sir Simon, the squire." Next time they may imitate the stroking of beards for the old man and the twirling of mustaches for the young one, but the game can be varied indefinitely if the leader is a good one.

Light From Crystals.

Many crystals when split or crushed give a faint flash of light visible in the dark. Sugar is one of the substances which do this. The cause of this behavior is not very well understood.—St. Nicholas.

My Woodland Friends.

As I go singing all alone
Down woodland paths, so green and cool,
That wind through flickering sun and shade,
By rushing brook or silent pool,

The tall trees seem to bend their tops,
The pine cones tumble at my feet,
The nodding ferns stand quietly,
As though they wished my song to greet.

And in some dim and shadowy cove
The wild lobelia, flaming red,
Stands listening on its slender stem
Or waves a welcome from its bed.

The squirrel peeps from out the leaves.
The sun comes stealing through to see
Who dares to hush the wild bird's song
And saunters by so carelessly.

So as I wander all alone
Through dusky paths that bend and wind
I move amid a company
Of wildwood friends most dear and kind.

—St. Nicholas.

HER TRUE MUSIC.

The Surprise That Came After the Lovers Were Engaged.

By BETTINA MAYHEW.

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"St. James' park? Pardon me. Can you direct me to the Woodson residence?"

The park's thick turf had deadened the sound of the steps; hence the two clerical looking gentlemen had observed at close range for some time the girl in the swing before either of them spoke.

For a minute a sensitive face, framed by a big hat, lifted, and a pair of glowing black eyes traveled with slow deliberation from one to the other before she replied.

"The graystone, first turn to the left."

Then she resumed her book, the wide hat drooping so that the merest outlines of chin and neck peeped from below the edge of the brim.

"A pretty hat and a pretty girl," the Rev. Paul Freyer meditated, "and a picture worth remembering."

Two hours later from the landing of the stairs his eyes fell upon the same hat, entirely at home on the rack in the Woodson hall. He knew it instantly. By no chance could there be two such hats. It was broad and low crowned, a mass of white poppies with dark hearts—one of those articles, in fact, which proclaim with brazen tongue the personality of the wearer.

Perhaps the graystone, with its web of dull green and gay red creepers and its more than full quota of nooks, sunny and conspicuous or unexpected and shadowy, had something to do with the Rev. Paul's mood. At any rate, before he stirred from the landing the pretty girl in white, with the glowing black eyes, had responded to his imagination by assuming the proportions of his ideal—a Portia, a veritable Portia.

Who was she? The Rev. Paul derived a pleasurable shock from an inspired guess. Who else, indeed, but Ada, stepdaughter to his sister, Mrs. Sara Woodson? Quite distinctly he recalled a forgotten fact. There had been at the time of the marriage mention made of a child. That, of course, was years ago. She was now probably well grown.

He had been in college then, afterward traveling abroad. Returning, he had immediately settled into a passionate that had taxed his powers to the uttermost and tired his very soul. Sister and all else outside of duty had gone from him with an imperceptible drift till the day dawned when he was peremptorily ordered away for rest. He had come protesting, regretting, and now—what if—He laughed softly and sought his sister.

In the dining room, when he entered, the pretty girl, prettier than he had thought, stood with her hand on the back of a chair at the foot of the table.

"My stepdaughter," Mrs. Woodson's smile was gracious and sweet. "Ada, my brother, the Rev. Paul Freyer, and his assistant, the Rev. Mr. Condon. Just think, Ada," she laughed gayly, "for the whole of the summer they have nothing to do nor a thought or wish but to amuse. That list we were preparing for our summer reading"—

"Oh, Sara!" Eager and bright the clear voice floated from the foot of the table. "We must—we must first finish that story of 'Sindbad the Sailor.' It is Maupassant's very best, Maupassant?" she reflected. "Perhaps, now, it's Poe, or maybe" and the big childish eyes sought those in turn of each present—"No, I have it. It's Hallam. Am I right? Sara, do set me straight."

Mrs. Woodson's hands dropped heavy on her unfolded napkin, and the Rev. Paul's heart contracted to diminutive proportions. For him the golden bowl was broken, the swift born hope of an hour trailed in the dust. The—the hat—then, had not been—

He sighed, and the sigh was—for the smallness of the beautiful concrete and for the greatness of the beautiful abstract.

And Ada babbled joyously on, her clear voice and soft laugh dominant features of the dinner hour. "The chatter of a child," the Rev. Paul decided, unconsciously talking down to her. Afterward she flitted about the rooms, never still, the quick tattoo of her high heeled slippers quite as musical as her rendition of a famous concerto and disappearing early with a pleasant good night.

"A charming young girl," ventured Rev. Mr. Condon, and the Rev. Paul re-enforced the remark with: "For all the world like a white butterfly. Has she never gone to school, Sara?"

But if Ada had not womanly graces and scholarship she possessed an accomplishment out of the usual, a constant eruption of small talk. No conversation, serious or learned, could resist it. Without a thought she cleft it at a blow, severing each thread past hope of redemption.

"Tinkling cymbals," the Rev. Paul remarked one day, watching the flying, whirling white figure in pursuit of butterflies in the occasional patches of sunshine among the great trees. "It's a pity so exquisite a creature should be so—so— You ought to send her to school, Sara."

Mrs. Woodson flushed to the little curls on her forehead. "Paul," she said, "you do Ada injustice. I"— She stopped, laughing lightly, as Ada fluttered into the room.

"Ada," she called, "Paul is recalling his youth by translating some of the Homeric poems. He's found his stone wall. Perhaps you can help him over."

Obediently Ada bent over the stalwart reverend, her white forefinger tracing the lines, translating slowly, word by word, with great difficulty, but with absolute correctness, the entire passage, her bright eyes meeting his uplifted gaze at the finish with the frank pleasure of an unspoiled child.

"Why, ladybird," he laughed, "who could have dreamed of that pretty head holding such gems of wisdom?"

"Mere accretions!" She had seized her net and was off after a big white moth with dark patches on his downy wings.

The Rev. Paul watched her thoughtfully. "Sara," he said, "the child has possibilities. This glimpse of memory, with one or two glimmerings of a mind that I have surprised, convinces me that she could be awakened. You ought to send her to school."

"I didn't mean to offend," he added as Sara's face flushing and twitching, appeared above her paper, her eyes deprecatingly seeking those of Condon. "I think, if you don't"—

He forgot to finish. The habit of long years of self effacement in the interest of unfortunate humanity rose before him like a pillar of fire. The duty was plain. He would accept it in behalf of his sister as well as himself.

After that the numerous nooks of the graystone had frequent occupants, the Rev. Paul lecturing and explaining and Ada listening, the big eyes at last growing so wistful that in the end, with a great pang, he gave it up.

"Tinkling cymbals," he muttered and sighed again. And the sigh was for the lavish outward riches, the lamentable inward poverty.

She was radiant, beautiful as an angel, he thought, that last Sunday morning, very like one of her own poppies. He turned in his seat to watch her, the rosy skin of hands and arms showing through the meshes of her gloves as she turned the leaves of the hymn book. She found the place presently, offering him a half of the book with an upward glance and little dimples showing about her lips.

Then they rose with the congregation. A minute after he stopped singing in the middle of a verse the better to listen—

Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all.

The Rev. Paul withstood the flood for one small moment, though abjectly, in spirit, he knelt before the soul of the singer. The tenderness, the pathos, the love, his splendid vocabulary held not the words to express the wealth of it. His ideals of womanliness and intellectuality went down in a very smash up of yearning. The beautiful casket with the birdlike spirit and the soul of music far more than suffused. For, pitiable man indeed was he if—

They walked across the park in silence. At the swing the Rev. Paul paused.

"It was here, Ada," he said, "that I first saw you. I love you, dear, more than anything in the world. I want you for my wife."

Ada did not at once turn. Her shoulders heaved, and a small handkerchief with cobwebby lace was in requisition. Presently from behind its dainty mass came a muffled voice, "I—I know—so—little."

"It makes not the slightest difference," he urged. "Ada, just one word."

"If—you're—sure."

"Do I live? I am no surer of life."

The engagement was necessarily brief. The very next day it was announced. The Rev. Paul, sitting alone when the mail was brought in, glanced over the papers. Almost in scare lines the notice met his eyes—the usual form, but—what—what—

He sprang up electrified. He sank back shivering. How she had played with him—Sara too!

"Miss Woodson is not only strikingly beautiful," he read, "but she is a woman of rare attainments, having but recently returned from a two years' postgraduate course abroad in the best institutions open to women. The Rev. Mr. Freyer ought to consider himself a lucky man."

There was a rush of feet, then clinging hands, cheeks and pretty lips close to his ear demanded forgiveness.

"I couldn't help it," she murmured. "The temptation was too great. You did so look the grave and reverend seignior."

Patti's Narrow Escape From Burning.

On my first appearance in Moscow an exciting event occurred. Just previous to going on to the platform I approached the cheval glass in my dressing room to arrange the blossoms in my hair, when the long muslin skirts I was wearing suddenly caught fire from a spirit lamp. Fortunately I had the presence of mind to keep perfectly still while those in the room extinguished the flames with rugs and shawls. The danger was over, and I naturally felt upset, but managed to make my appearance and sing my role in the usual way. However, on returning to the dressing room the extra excitement was too much and caused me to faint. The news of the mishap spread quickly, and the manager, with the artists, came and congratulated me on my escape, and there arose a contention for the pieces of muslin the fire had spared, which were carried off as trophies.—Adelina Patti in Strand Magazine.

Uncle Sam Rejects Own Stamps.

Thomas A. Daily, an Indianapolis lawyer, was laughing at himself the other day for sending stamps to the government at Washington in payment for a patent circular. A few days later he received a letter stating that stamps could not be accepted.

"It never occurred to me they couldn't use stamps," he said, laughing. "But they use a frank, and of course they wouldn't want stamps. All the government could do would be to sell the stamps over again, and it might as well get the money in the first place."—Indianapolis Star.

USE SIGNALS OF INDIANS.

Army Experts Adopt Many Ideas of the Aborigines.

Just as the fighting men of the United States army many years ago took lessons from the Indians and from their methods of warfare devised and perfected the system of extended order or skirmish drills which have proved so effective, so the signal corps of the army has followed to a large extent the red men's methods of conveying information from point to point where there is not time to string telegraph or telephone lines or where wireless telegraph is unavailable.

As the Indians since prehistoric times have used columns of smoke in various combinations to signal the approach of an enemy or to transmit other messages, so the army signalmen have found most effective what are known as smoke bombs or smoke rockets. The former are fired from a small mortar, the latter in the same way as Fourth of July fireworks. Each when reaching a desired height, regulated by a fuse, bursts and liberates a picric acid compound, which ignites and burns colored fires, one after the other, so arranged in the cartridge as to convey a message to those who may be watching for it. These cartridges are made in sections, each containing its own different colored fire, and threaded to screw together in a fraction of a minute.

These military fireworks, as they might aptly be called, are packed in hermetically sealed cans, much in the same manner as tinned meats, with the same sort of thumbscrew attachment for opening them quickly. In this way they keep indefinitely in any climate and have been found particularly effective in the campaigns in the Philippines.

While the navy does not employ so complicated a system of rocket and bomb signaling as does the army, every warship carries a supply of powerful rockets, which liberate on bursting a series of brilliant white stars for the purpose of calling attention to other signals which are transmitted by a system of combinations of colored electric lights strung from a mainhead and operated from a switchboard much on the plan of a typewriter, called the Ardois system. But both branches of the service employ an old sort of pistol, the invention of a naval officer, which shoots from cartridges "stars" similar to those of a rocket candle of any color. The combinations which can be made in this manner practically are numberless.—Popular Mechanics.

FATE OF THE BRAAKE.

A Treasure Ship That Lies Buried Off Cape Henlopen.

Somewhere in deep water off Cape Henlopen lies over half a million in British gold, and how much more in gold and silver bars and plate and other treasures can only be guessed at. In 1798 the British privateer Braake sailed for the west Atlantic bearing enough gold to pay off all the English troops stationed in various parts of the new world. As the soldiers had not been paid in many months the sum was a large one.

Whether the captain of the Braake decided to turn pirate or whether he merely was showing excessive zeal in making war on all the enemies of England that he met on the high seas and intended to turn over his loot to the crown on his return will never be known, but the fact that the Braake took no prisoners and sank every prize goes a long way toward proving the piracy theory. The Braake captured a Spanish merchantman coming up from South American ports laden with rich tribute from the Spanish colonies there, transferred the precious cargo to her own hold and burned the vessel. Another Spanish ship bringing a church service of richly jeweled gold plate to a new world cathedral encountered the privateer and suffered the same fate. The next to fall a victim to the Braake's rapacity was a Frenchman carrying silks, spices, brandy and bars of silver. That, too, was sent to the bottom after it was despoiled.

The Braake was overtaken by a hurricane when nearing the American coast, was blown far out of her course and sank off Cape Henlopen. Several of the crew escaped in a small boat and reached land. Their tales of the treasure on the sunken ship caused several expeditions to be fitted out the following year, but nothing was brought up save pieces of the anchor chains and a cannon or two. During the last hundred years every effort to raise any part of the treasure has failed.

The last attempt was made by Captain Charles Adams, who fitted out a ship under the auspices of the navy department, but was unable to locate the wreck, which is probably by this time deeply submerged in the ooze and mud of the ocean bed.—New York Press.

Respect For Old Age.

"Jonas, did you beat that rug accordin' to orders?"

"No, S'manthy; I just didn't."

"Didn't? What's the reason. I'd like to know?"

"'Cause, S'manthy, when I got it out on the line there an' saw how frittered an' feeble it was I didn't have the heart to lambaste it. I know I have a shortage of virtues, S'manthy, but I want you to know that respect for old age isn't one of 'em."—Boston Courier.

Going to Law.

The man who goes to law for the purpose of obtaining satisfaction generally gets so many other things that he forgets all about the satisfaction if there is any in it for him.—Chicago Record-Herald.

HOW TO WIN.

Determination and Unity of Purpose Will Work Wonders.

Once you have chosen your occupation or profession hold fast thereto. Let nothing allure you from the main traveled road. Having chosen, hold like steel. Make everything feed into the main current of your life. Even modest talents, organized and unified, have conquered great distinction and worldwide success. History is full of illustrations of the unifying power of a great purpose. Witness the poor child Hastings, looking at a distant manor house that once had belonged to his father. The determination to win back that estate before he died lent power and momentum and produced Lord Hastings. Witness the influence of purpose upon that little Scotch boy, out upon a holiday on the banks of the Clyde, with three precious coppers as his entire possession. He determined to build a house on the hilltop overlooking the river and forty years later moved into the castle, from which he looked down upon twenty ocean steamers he had built. Witness the purpose of William the Silent, filling all the days and nights for the hero struggling to deliver brave little Holland from Spain. Witness Milton's vow to write a poem that the world would not willingly let die and who therefore lived an epic life. Witness Paul's resolution to do one thing and one thing alone and who, with that unit purpose, achieved democracy for all subsequent peoples and centuries. Aimlessness will make your life like a sand heap.—Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis.

FULL OF HUMAN INTEREST.

Landscapes of the Dutch Painters of the Seventeenth Century.

The Dutch painters of the seventeenth century were little concerned with poetic feeling or with idealism. They used their eyes and painted what they saw, but neither their imaginations nor their feelings were touched. While most modern painters interpret how the scene has affected themselves the Dutch looked at it as something entirely outside themselves.

Otherwise the Dutch landscapes present us pictures of a pleasant workaday world or of the quiet evenings that follow after the labors of the day—never a hint of disturbance. Though war and rumors of war were constantly listened, the perpetual suggestion of prosperous peace and thrifty comfort, for they abound with the evidences of busy humanity. Not only is nature brought into touch with human life by the little figures so charmingly lifelike, which animate the scene, but everywhere are the results of man's handiwork, even the little things as well as the more important. Even in the trimly kept fruit trees of a laborer's garden plot no less than in the splendid facade of a rich burgher's town house. There is no country in the world where the influence of man is so distinctly imprinted upon every foot of ground, and as those artists were eager to represent the things they saw no landscapes are so full of human interest as theirs.—Charles H. Caffin in St. Nicholas.

Her Flame.

Some years ago, when a party of the Japanese imperial palace was burned at Tokio, the empress was forced to flee to one of the old daimio houses near by. It was not at all comfortable, and, as the story goes, her majesty, appreciating that her subjects would be much concerned at her flight in such a mean place, sat down and wrote them a little poem in which she denied that she had changed her residence. The poem, which was in the best Japanese language, stated that her majesty's home had always been in the hearts of the people and that neither the flames nor the gods could ever drive her from that dear abode.

The Dead Larks.

In Baluchistan even the wolves go mad. In his book, "The Frontiers of Baluchistan," G. P. Tate writes: "The shepherds give a strange reason for the epidemic of rabies. According to them, it was caused by the wild beasts eating dead larks. In some years, they said, the larks develop extraordinary vitality and pour forth such a flood of songs as they rise on the wing that they become suffocated and fall to the ground dead. A wild animal which eats one of these dead birds invariably develops rabies. This is a widespread superstition and seems not unfamiliar to the natives of India who were with me."

A Butchers' Common.

William, Earl of Warren, in the time of King John, while standing upon the castle walls saw two bulls fighting in the castle meadow till all the butcher dogs pursued one of the maddened bulls quite through the town. The sight pleased the earl so much, that he gave the castle meadows, where the duel of the bulls began, for a common to the butchers of the town, after the first grass was mowed, on condition that they should find a bull bull the day six weeks before Christmas day for the continuance of that sport. Lincoln Standard

Fine Crops.

"Do you raise anything worth while in your garden?" said the visitor from the city.

"I should say so," answered Mr. Crossleigh. "It's the best place for hiding worms in the world."—Washington Star.

Plain Talk.

"I think she's double faced."

"Oh, don't say that! One face like hers is bad enough."—Comic Cuts.

Wanted to Know His Name.

"Is this the automobile registration department of the state of Ohio?" The voice over the phone was flutelike and sweet.

"It is," replied the office man.

"Do you have records of the numbers of all the machines in Ohio?"

"Of all that are registered, yes."

"Can you refer to any particular number without a great deal of trouble?"

"It takes only a few moments."

"Can you tell me who owns machine No. umpteen thousand and nineteen?" Only she gave the actual number of the machine.

"Just hold the 'phone a moment." The office man returned in less than a minute. "The machine is owned by Mr. So-and-so of Cleveland," he said, then listened to inquire, "Is there any trouble about it? An accident perhaps."

"Oh, no," said the sweet voice. "The machine dips 'about in front of Miss ——'s home in East Broad, next door, every Sunday evening for several months, and I was just curious to know who was calling upon her. Ever so much obliged." And the receiver went up.—Ohio State Journal.

His Nightcap Privilege.

Among the many strange privileges granted by English sovereigns to their subjects probably the most remarkable was the permission given to the Earl of Sussex by Queen Mary to wear his nightcap, or even two nightcaps, if he so wished, in her royal presence. The earl was a victim of colds in the head, which, like the law, are no respecters of persons, and as he considered catarrh in the head too heavy a price to pay for loyalty he petitioned the queen for permission to wear his nightcap in her presence.

The patent conceding this unique privilege is one of the most amusing in royal annals. It runs thus: "Know ye that we do give to our beloved and trusty cousin and counselor, Henry, earl of Sussex, Viscount Fitzwalter and lord of Egremund and Purpell, license and pardon to wear his cap or nightcap or any two of them at his pleasure, as well in our presence, as in the presence of any other person or persons within this realm or any other place in our dominions whersoever, during his life, and these our letters, shall be sufficient warrant in his behalf."

About Matches.

John Walker, an English chemist, was experimenting in 1827 with an inflammable mixture for use on shipboard. One day Walker happened to rub a stick dipped in this mixture across a table. There was a report—the stick took fire, and because John Walker was no fool the match was born. The match's inventor put his wonderful invention on the market in April, 1827. The Walker match was as big as a lead pencil, and it cost a shilling a box. Because it could only be lighted by drawing it through a piece of sandpaper folded in two the freedom match appealed to it in 1827. The Walker was a failure. It lighted more easily than the Walker, so it put the Walker out of business. Sweden is today the home of the match industry. Sweden exports annually about 2,000 carloads of inflammable matches. But there is no statue to John Walker.—Exchange.

The Trinket Worm.

Among the novelties in nature is a small worm called the trinket worm characterized by this peculiarity which does not to be believed.

On the leaves of a wild vine called the trinket vine is found a small worm, which looks at first like a small piece of white thread and is almost motionless. If the leaf is taken off and placed under a glass case in the room this little thread will in the short space of twenty-four hours grow into a good sized caterpillar beautifully colored and studded with golden spots. When matured it a climbs up the glass, fastens one of its extremities to the glass roof, and leaving the other hanging in the air will curl itself into a variety of fantastic and elaborate patterns for lockets, trinkets, such as earrings, brooches and chains, changing from time to time in great variety, whence its name is derived.

What Fried Liver Is Good For.

A guest at an Atchison home came for three days and was still there at the end of five weeks. "I like all kinds of meat," she remarked one day as she passed her plate for the third helping, "but fried liver." That night there was fried liver for supper, fried liver the next day for breakfast, dinner and supper, and the next day when the guest was asked to have fried liver, she packed her trunk and went home.—Atchison Globe.

All is not false, which at first seems a lie.—Southey.

A DREAM STORY.

The Startling Vision That Saved the Life of Lady Vernon.

The following dream story is told in "The Story of My Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare. The story was told to Mr Hare in Rome in 1870:

Lady Vernon dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, crossing the entrance hall, and she awoke with a great start. After awhile she composed herself to sleep again, and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, on the middle of the staircase, and she awoke with a great shock. She got up. She thought she could not be quite well and she took a little sal volatile. At last she fell asleep again, and she dreamed—she dreamed that she saw the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other, standing at her bedroom door, and she awoke in a great terror, and she jumped out of bed, and she said, "I'll have an end of this; I'll have an end of these foolish imaginations." And she rushed to the door, and she threw the door wide open. And there at the door stood the butler, with a knife in one hand and a candle in the other. And when he suddenly saw Lady Vernon in her white nightdress, with her hair streaming down her back, he was so dreadfully frightened that he dropped the candle on the floor and rushed off down the staircase and off to the stables, where there was a horse ready saddled and bridled, on which he meant to have ridden away when he had murdered Lady Vernon. And he rode away without having murdered her at all, and he was never heard of again.

Young Man Buncoed.

A young man at Jersey Shore was buncoed out of $1250 by three smooth fellows who were evidently following Howe's circus that appeared at that place two weeks ago. The farmer came into town to see the show and while there was picked out by two of the men and engaged in conversation. He was offered a position with them at $60 a month, to sell electric belts, which they claimed to manufacture. They pictured in glowing terms the easy work and lots of money in the job. When they were about to close the deal the third party came up and offered the young man $60 a month to work for a rival concern. He, however required that the young man furnish bond or put up a cash guarantee before he would close the deal. The young man drew $1250, from the bank and gave it to the party who claimed to be "President" of the Company. A future date was fixed but the "President" was failed to appear.

—The work of the Lock Haven Normal is Primarily, to prepare teachers for the public schools. In this work it has been eminently successful. Its graduates today are college professors, normal school teachers, county superintendents, high school and grade teachers. It also maintains a college preparatory department, as well as departments of music, elocution, Art and Business. Send for its new catalogue.

If you have pains in the back, weak back, or any other indication of a weakened or disordered condition of the kidneys or bladder you should get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills right away when you experience the least sign of kidney or bladder complaints, but be sure that you get DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. We know what they will do for you and if you send your name to E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago, you will receive a free trial box of these kidney and bladder pills. They are sold here by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fieri Facias, Levaria Facias, Venditions, Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed I will expose at public sale at the premises of J. A. Winsor, in Eldred and Ceres Townships, McKean county, Pa., on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. the following pieces of property:

Defendant's interest in all those certain parcels of land situate in the Townships of Eldred (& Ceres) County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: First parcel. Beginning at a beech the southwest corner of land contracted to A. A. & A. F. Barden, thence east two hundred and seventy perches to a post the southwesterly corner of land contracted to Patrick Welch and William Toole, lot number 28, thence south thirty-seven perches to a post, the southwest corner of land contracted to A. T. & A. A. Barden, lot number 213, thence east seventy perches to the southeast corner of same, thence south by township line fifteen and six-tenths perches to a post the southwest corner of land contracted to Martin Welch, lot number 405 Ceres; thence east thirty-five perches to a post the northwest corner of land contracted to Michael Mahoney lot numbered 41 Ceres; thence south eighty-seven perches to a hemlock corner of same; thence west thirty-four perches to a post the northwest corner of land contracted to A. A. Barden, lot number 429 Ceres; thence south nineteen perches to a post the N. E. corner of land contracted to S. A. Caulfield, lot number 227; thence west one hundred and fifty perches to a post the southeast corner of land contracted to C. C. Moses & A. T. Barden, lot number 230; thence north eighty perches to a post the northeast corner of same; thence west one hundred perches to a beech the northwest corner of the same; thence south sixty-four perches to a post the northeast corner of land contracted to S. A. Caulfield, lot number 24; thence west fifty-seven perches to a post the northeast corner of same; thence south thirty-eight perches to a post corner; thence west thirty-four perches to a hemlock the southeast corner of land contracted to E. B. Percival, lot number 386; thence north one hundred and six perches to the place of beginning, containing 264 acres, more or less, being Keating lot number 38, Eldred Township, and part of Warrants 620, 229 & and 6 warrant in the name of John Martin. Second parcel. Beginning at a post in the south east corner of land of John Bates, lot number 229; thence south fifty-seven & seven tenths perches to a post the northwest corner of same; thence east forty eight perches to a post the southeast corner of land contracted to Miles F. Parshall, lot number 252; thence south fifty-seven & seven-tenths perches to a post the southwest corner of land contracted to Pat. Welch & William Toole, lot number 388; thence west forty-eight perches to the place of beginning; containing 19 acres more or less, being Keating lot number 38 in Eldred Township and part of Warrant number 620. Third parcel. Beginning at a post the southwest corner of land contracted to W. O. & S. A. Caulfield, lot number 225; thence one hundred perches to the southeast corner of lot number 227; thence south sixty perches to a post corner; thence west 141 perches to the south east corner of lot number 229; thence north sixty perches to the place of beginning, containing 58 acres and being the same lot number 229 in Warrant number 620, Eldred Township. Fourth parcel. Beginning at a post the northwest corner of land of William C. Caulfield, lot number 227; thence north, 90 perches to a beech corner; thence east 90 perches to a post corner; thence south 90 perches to a post corner; thence west 90 perches to the place of beginning, containing 50 acres and being the same lot number 227 in Warrant number 620, Eldred Township. The first two parcels being held by the Commercial Bank by contract dated May 1st, 1908, and the last two parcels being held by the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co., Assignees of Rose Hamlin by contract dated May 1st, 1908.

Likewise at the same time and place will be sold the following what attached, Springs of water, fruit trees.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. A. Winsor, at suit of Hamlin Bank & Trust Co., Assignees of Rose Hamlin & Son.

F. D. Gallup, plaintiff's attorney.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., August 11, 1909.

—Ask DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve when you ask for it. There are a great many imitations but there is but one original. This salve is good for anything where a salve is needed to be used, but it is especially good for Piles. Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, F. H. Reed, Clermont.

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You need a sufficient amount of good, whole-some food to maintain strength and health.

But, this food must be digested thoroughly, otherwise the pains of indigestion and dyspepsia are the result.

When your stomach cannot do its work properly, take something to help your stomach. Kodol is the only thing that will give the stomach complete rest.

Why? Because Kodol, does the same work as a strong stomach, and does it in a natural way.

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Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

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